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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY.

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THE LOVE LETTER.

Count Luigi Primoli.

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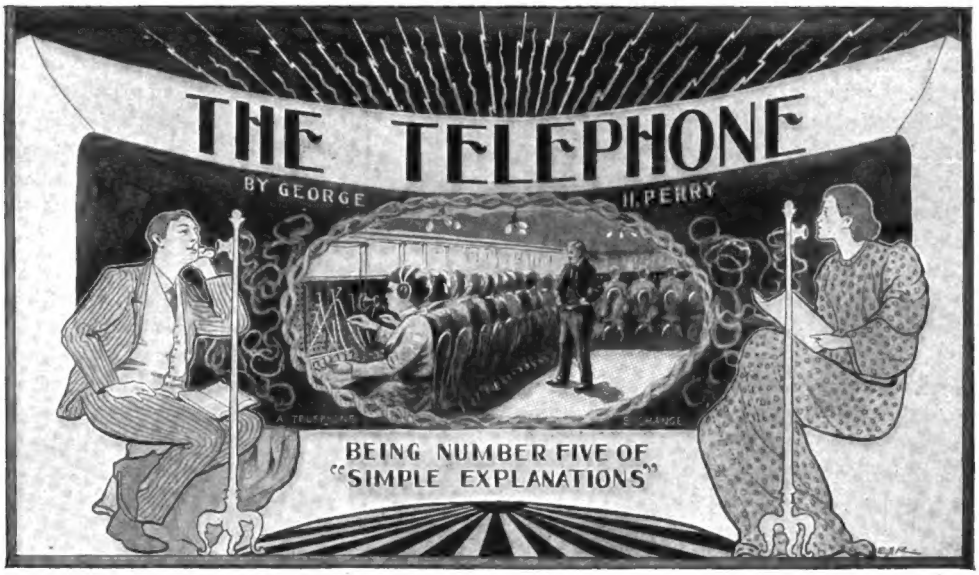

It is now a little more than twenty years since the public was informed that a Mr. Bell had invented an instrument whereby two people could converse over a wire; that the voices of friends could be distinctly recognized; that a whisper could be heard ten miles away; that it was obvious that scientific achievement could go no farther.

There probably was never an announcement of an invention that created more sensation. The idea of a ghostly voice echoing, from a little black cylinder, the words of a friend ten miles away! Fortunately for Mr. Bell his invention was brought out in the nineteenth century. A few hundred years earlier such an achievement would have subjected the inventor to a lively risk of being burned at the stake for manifest dealings with the powers of darkness.

Twenty years is not a long time—but now, where is there not a telephone? The writer recalls distinctly the interest awakened by the successful transmission of speech between the cities of Boston and Lynn, Mass., —twelve miles, or thereabouts. Even after the practical installation of telephone service in Boston, the connections with Lynn and Salem were called "long-distance," and the conversation was generally carried on by being assiduously shouted from station to station, by the telephone operators. Nowadays, the Boston man calls up New York or Chicago without moving from his desk, and one goes to the telephone book with almost as much assurance of finding therein the name of a business house, as if it were the city directory itself.

The principles that underlie the "working" of the Bell telephone are very few, and the apparatus itself is wonderfully simple. There is infinitely more complication about the calling device—the merely incidental arrangement that rings the bell—than about the whole apparatus of transmitting speech.

To understand the working of the telephone, it is necessary first to get a foundation on a few elementary facts as to the laws of sound generally. We know that "sound" is a mental impression produced by vibrations of air acting on the brain through a mechanical contrivance in the ear. We know that a blow on a drum, a tap on a bell, the vibration of a tight-strung cord, starts tiny waves in the air, and that these waves, rippling against the drum of the ear, will make that vibrate, too. If the wave is a heavy one, like that produced by the discharge of a cannon,

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its dash against the ear-drum makes us "hear" a loud noise. If a pin falls on a hard floor, the tiny wave its contact makes can barely tickle the ear-drum into the sensation of sound. If one sings the sound "Ah," the waves are slightly different in character to those that would be made by the sound "Oh," and the ear-drum, responding accurately to the influences that strike it, vibrates in a different manner to the two notes. And so on, *ad infinitum*; every different sound, in all this world of noise and music, has a different wave arrangement, and these waves beat against everything in their way; each set in its own manner, at its own speed, with its own force, and consequently, with its own characteristic effect.

The ear-drum responds to each differently, but not the ear-drum alone. Everything that can vibrate, vibrates to these waves. If you talk against any diaphragm, for example a tambourine or a drum-head, the tightly stretched parchment will respond to each of the infinitesimal waves, following their rapid blows with absolute accuracy, "giving" to a wave's advance, and springing back as it passes.

Now, if there were some way of recording the movements of the drum-head, it would write down the words spoken against it in a wave-alphabet of its own. That is what is done in a phonograph. Its needle, fastened to a diaphragm and vibrating with it, scratches a record of every wave on a revolving cylinder of wax. Afterward, another needle, fixed to another diaphragm, is made to travel over these scratches, and, following them, the diaphragm is pulled back and forth in precisely the same manner as the first diaphragm was moved, by the impact of the sound waves. Consequently it talks or sings.

The original Bell telephone was what we call now the "receiver" in the ordinary telephone set. It is the cylindrical thing that you hold to your ear. It is used now only to hear through; but if you talked into it, instead of into the "transmitter," your words could probably be heard at the other end, although faintly. It will act both as transmitter and receiver, and is one of the simplest yet most sensitive instruments known to electrical mechanicians.

Here is a drawing of two Bell telephones, in their customary form, showing the interior arrangement. Nothing could be simpler. There is a long steel magnet, A, on the end of which is a small coil of wire, DD. The extreme end of the magnet is brought very close to a diaphragm of thin sheet iron. This diaphragm is shown in the cut by the fine, straight line, the ends of which are marked EE. It is a circular piece of very thin sheet iron. It is the shiny brown or black surface that you see when you look into the "ear-hole" of a telephone receiver. The magnet, A, is brought just as close to this diaphragm as it can possibly be *without touching it*. That is all. You can see the whole arrangement merely by unscrewing the large end of any telephone. The two ends of the little coil of wire are brought down through the "handle" of the instrument and end in

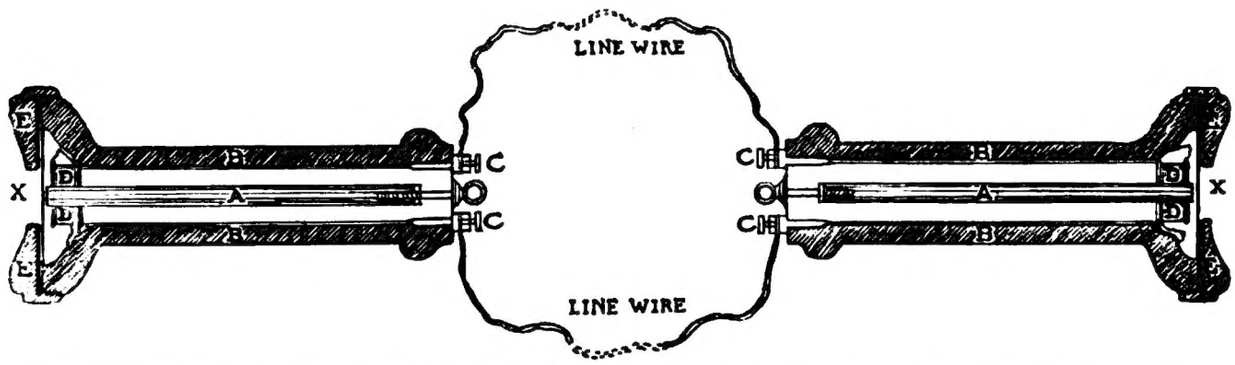

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING PRINCIPLE OF MAGNETIC TELEPHONE USED BOTH AS RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER. THE SOUND WAVES ARE TRANSFORMED INTO ELECTRICAL WAVES AT ONE END, THE ELECTRICAL WAVES TRAVERSE THE WIRES AND ARE RE-TRANSFORMED INTO SOUND WAVES AT THE LISTENER'S END.

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two "connecting posts" to which the line wires are attached.

The "life" of the instrument lies in the magnet, and to understand why it "talks" we must take another short lesson in magnetism and "induction."

A magnet is an extraordinarily sensitive thing to certain influences, and chief among those influences is the presence of iron. If you bring a piece of iron toward a magnet, the latter, as it were, *reaches* for it, surrounds it with invisible arms (called by scientists its "lines of force") and seeks to drag it closer. It is not necessary for us to go deeply into the subject of the lines in a magnetic field; it is enough to say (and sufficiently accurate for the purpose) that the approach of iron to a magnet makes the magnet stronger, and that its withdrawal occasions the loss of that strength.

Now, there is a very close, very strange, and very important relationship between magnetism and electricity. Nobody knows just what it is; some scientists assert that they are not merely relations, they are *identical.* However that may be, you never find them far apart; and they act and react on each other, and create and re-create themselves out of each other as if they were indeed but different forms of the same thing. Under proper and simple conditions, electricity will make magnetism, and magnetism will make electricity. We do not know *why*, as yet, but we do know *how.*

Now then, for the first step: the coil of wire that surrounds the end of our telephone magnet will take notice of every change in the strength of that magnet, and will respond to each change with a sympathetic current of *electricity.* If a piece of iron is brought close to the magnet, the magnet gets "stronger," and that strange sympathetic action, which nobody understands, will instantly start a current of electricity in the coil of wire. This current will continue as long as the iron piece is in motion, and it will follow with the most scrupulous fidelity every change in its position as regards the magnet, however slight, however quick. You cannot move the iron piece a fraction of an inch, without affecting the magnet slightly, and having that impulse of electricity follow instantly. When you bring the iron nearer, the current flows in one direction; when you pull the iron away, the current flows in the other direction. The strength of these "induced" currents is exactly proportioned to the amount of influence exerted on the magnet. If the motion of the iron is great, the current is great; if it is a trifling motion, the resulting current is small. Depending on one of the least understood but most rigidly exact of all natural laws, no motion of the iron piece, *however slight*, can occur, without its having a precisely proportionate result in induced currents of electricity.

Now suppose some one talks into the mouthpiece of the left-hand telephone. He talks against the thin little *iron* diaphragm, which, like the drum-head or the ear-drum, will vibrate back and forth with the sound waves of the voice. The diaphragm is of iron, remember, and as it vibrates it is being alternately pushed toward the magnet and drawn away from it. Truly, the motion is small —so small that the eye cannot discern it; it is only to be measured in millionths of an inch. But small as these motions are, and quick as they are, the magnet is affected by every one of them, and the faithful coil shivers sympathetically with currents of electricity. For every sound wave that strikes the diaphragm, there flows out on the wire an electrical wave that is exactly proportioned to it in strength, character, length, duration, and in every other way. So you see that it is not an actual, mechanical vibration of the wire that conveys the voice, as many people suppose. That is only for toy telephones and short distances. In the Bell telephone, the sound waves of the voice are transformed into *electrical* waves that will travel a wire like any other electricity.

The ends of the wire coil are connected with the wire coil of the other telephone. All the telephone wires that are strung on poles or buried in subways—all the tremendous "line" equipment of the telephone companies in rights of way, lines of

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poles, cables, and conduits—are merely to connect the tiny coils of their instruments. The electrical waves from the speaker's instrument pass along the wires to the receiving instrument, and are there transformed back again into sound waves by an exact reversal of the process by which they were created.

Again this strange sympathetic alliance (or kinship) between magnetism and electricity. We have seen that to strengthen or weaken a magnet will induce related currents of electricity in a surrounding coil. Now reverse the proposition. Currents of electricity in the surrounding coil will strengthen or weaken the magnet. If you fathom those two propositions, the whole principle of magnetic telephony will be clear to you.

Let us apply it practically. Suppose the man with the left-hand telephone raps sharply with a lead pencil on the diaphragm of his instrument. The effect of this is to drive the sheet of iron slightly toward the magnet, from which it instantly springs away again to its position. As it approaches the magnet, a current is started in the surrounding coil, which traverses the wire, travels the coil at the other instrument, and, while it is passing, increases the strength of that magnet, which thereby is made to increase its pull on the diaphragm in front of it. This diaphragm under that increased pull (theoretically) moves slightly toward the magnet, to be instantly released as the temporary current dies away. Thus you see the actual *motion* of the first diaphragm is duplicated by the second. As a matter of fact, the current is so faint that it cannot reproduce the motion in *quantity*, although it does accurately follow it in quality. That is, the same sound is heard at one end that is made at the other, though not so great in volume.

That is just one motion of the diaphragm, forward and back. The same thing happens with every one of the vibrations that occur when one is speaking into the mouthpiece, although these may be 10,000 to the second.

The Bell magnetic telephone works well enough for short distances, and in the earlier days no other devices for transmitting speech were employed than those depending on the principles above described. But in the progress of events something better was required. The undulatory waves, generated by the movement of the diaphragm, were so very faint that they could not travel far and produce any effect at the other end. It was necessary to get a device that would produce stronger currents, and this was finally achieved in the "battery transmitter" which is the apparatus we talk into in all modern telephone equipments.

The battery transmitter does not generate its own currents, as the magnetic telephone does. It employs the powerful current from an ordinary battery;—a source of a current stronger by millions of times than that which the little magnet and diaphragm can give. Its principle is rather a difficult thing to explain, but here's a try at it.

Keep the fact fixed in your mind that the sound in the receiving instrument is produced by the varying "pull" on the diaphragm, of a magnet that is influenced by varying currents of electricity. When the current is strengthening the magnet, the pull is strengthened; when the current weakens, the elasticity of the diaphragm brings it back where it started from. The motion of the diaphragm makes sounds, and the greater the extent of the motion, the louder the sound. To get a great degree of motion, and thus to get the loud tone you are after, it is necessary to have a great pull on the diaphragm *and* an equally definite and positive release of that pull. That is, you must get the greatest possible *variation* of current. It must not only be as strong as possible when it is pulling, but also as weak as possible when it is letting go.

Now, if we can get a device that will use a steady, strong current of electricity, and modify it into electrical waves whose crests shall be very high and whose hollows very deep, and put those waves through our receiving telephone, we shall get very powerful sounds out of it. This is just what the battery transmitter does.

Here is a drawing showing the interior

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arrangement of a "Blake" transmitter—one of those little square wooden boxes that were used almost exclusively up to a few years ago, but now rapidly becoming old-fashioned on account of the superiority of another form which will be described farther on.

You see here the inevitable diaphragm; its ends are marked CC. A funnel-shaped opening in the cover of the box (A) directs the sound waves of the voice squarely against the centre of the diaphragm at B. The diaphragm is much larger than that of the magnetic telephone, and vibrates strongly.

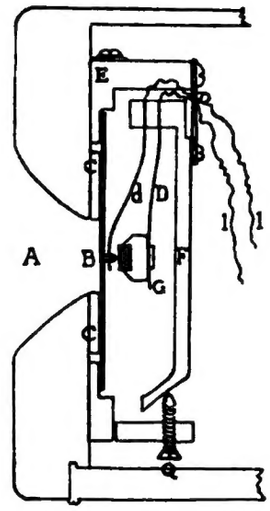

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING PRINCIPLE OF "BLAKE" AND OTHER SIMPLE CONTACT BATTERY TRANSMITTERS. ELECTRICAL WAVES PRODUCED BY THE VARIATION IN PRESSURE ON A CARBON BUTTON.

Now see the part marked G. This is a little piece of brass, in the centre of which is sunk a small button of carbon, shown in the drawing as a little black oblong block. This is hung at the end of a spring D, which presses the carbon first against a tiny button of platinum swung at the end of a lighter spring, d, and also presses that platinum button against the diaphragm.

Now, by studying the drawing for a moment, you will probably comprehend that, when one talks against the diaphragm, the platinum button will be *pressed harder* against the carbon when the diaphragm is moving forward in its vibrations, and the pressure will be relaxed as it returns to position. A current of electricity from an ordinary battery is flowing all the time while the telephone is off the hook, and a part of its path is down the little spring to the platinum button, then crossing from button to the carbon block, thence up the heavy spring and about its business.

It does not make the crossing from button to carbon with ease. It does not like carbon as a path to travel over, anyway, and the light pressure of the springs does not make the contact firm enough to give it an easy passage. But as the diaphragm moves forward, and the pressure increases, its crossing is made *just as much easier as there is increased pressure.*

That is, the harder the pressure, the better the contact, and the easier the passage of the current. And, by a simple electrical law, *the easier the passage, the stronger the current.* Therefore, the current from the battery is, by this varying pressure, modified into waves of undulating strength, that are exactly proportioned to the movements of the diaphragm.

These undulating waves, therefore, are precisely the same in character as those actually generated by the magnetic telephone, but they are immensely stronger. They pass over the longest line without difficulty, and make the receiving instrument "talk out loud." *

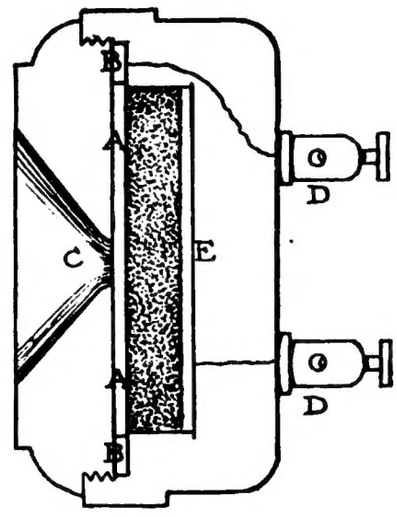

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING PRINCIPLE OF THE "LONG-DISTANCE" TRANSMITTER. THE DIAPHRAGM FORMS ONE SIDE OF A CHAMBER LOOSELY FILLED WITH FINELY DIVIDED CARBON.

Carbon is used in the transmitter simply because nothing else will give its effect. Two metals, for example, in contact, will pass the current with perfect ease, and, if the contact is a good, clean, tight one in the beginning, no amount of additional pressure will make it any better. But with carbon, the harder you squeeze it, the better it "conducts." The platinum button is a detail. Another piece of carbon in its place, or another kind of metal, would work in the same way.

For years, the Blake trans-

* The waves do not pass direct from the battery and transmitter to the line. They are transformed in an induction coil, for reasons which the writer considers too abstruse to take up in a "simple explanation," especially as the general principle is not involved.

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mitter was good enough, but it had its faults. There was only one little contact, and if anything clogged that up, there was trouble. A speck of dust between button and carbon would stop the working of the device altogether. This often happened, and it used to be the accepted thing, when a telephone failed to work properly, for the speaker to hammer his transmitter violently, usually to its injury, but sometimes to its temporary improvement, the shock dislodging the offending dust.

The latest form of transmitter is shown, in principle, in the drawing over leaf. It was invented by a Mr. Hunnings, an English clergyman, but has numberless modifications and forms produced by other inventors. In this transmitter the diaphragm, AA, forms one of the sides to a chamber that is filled with finely divided carbon. The battery current passes from the diaphragm itself through *all* the carbon. Instead of there being but one contact for it to cross, there are thousands and thousands. The general principle of its working, however, is the same. Every vibration of the diaphragm affects the resistance offered by the carbon to the current.

It may be worth while to close this article with a short review of other details of the telephone equipment. First, there is the calling apparatus. Generally this is what is known as a "magneto," operated by a crank. A magneto is nothing more nor less than a little electric generator, precisely similar in general principle to the huge machines that supply current for trolley-cars and electric lights. By turning the crank, you whirl a coil of wire between the poles of a powerful set of magnets. As explained in a previous article,* every half revolution of this coil sends a current, short but powerful, into the line. At the receiving station these currents are switched into two coils that magnetically pull a little hammer back and forth, striking a bell at each trip.

The switch above referred to, is operated by the hook on which the telephone receiver hangs. When the telephone is hanging up, the switch is pulled down and the line is connected with the bells. In this position, the telephone is "cut out," and the battery that operates the transmitter is disconnected, to avoid waste. When the telephone is removed, a spring pulls the hook up, and the bell is cut out in its turn, the battery switched on, and the line connected with the telephone.

I am glad of this chance to say something of the telephone operator—one of a class little understood and much abused.

A girl who has charge of a switchboard controlling the stations of a number of business houses is, during the busy part of the day, one of the very busiest people who exists. She is not only employed every moment, but it is only by the most rapid movements and the most unremitting energy, and only after great experience, that she can keep abreast of the demands upon her. She is literally doing half a dozen things at once, each one of them requiring a half-dozen arm-movements and a few words of talk. Moreover, she is, while doing this, keeping in mind a half-dozen *other* things to be done as soon as opportunity offers. She is reaching here and there with both arms, running her fingers over a row of little levers in front of her, connecting, disconnecting, ringing, waiting (but working, too), talking a steady stream of formulas, and accepting impatience and even abuse without irritation. It is a wearing, nerve-dragging business, this being a "hello-girl" on a busy board. To be sweet and patient after eight or nine hours of such a strain, does not prove the possession of a good disposition, for even the best disposition could not stand it. It proves something better—a trained control of the nerves and temper.

If you are in the habit of giving your "central" just four seconds to answer a ring, and some ten other seconds to get a connection (and on failure in either regard to grind the bell-crank viciously and indulge in language), let me advise you to go up to the operating room at the central office and watch your operator at her work. If you don't receive an object lesson in patience, this last half-page is space thrown away.

* "How the Trolley Car Runs," in the February number.

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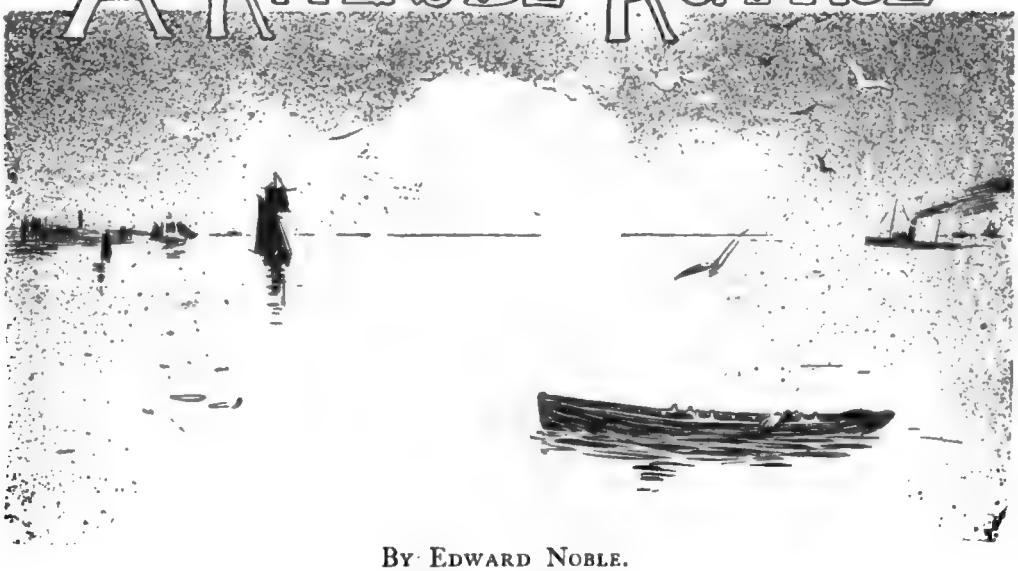
A Riverside Romance



By Edward Noble.

H-o-u-e-f-f! H-o-u-e-f-f!
H-h-o-o! H-h-o-o!

"What on earth," cried my friend, as he started into a sitting posture in the opposite bunk, "is that diabolic noise?"

"Two steamers meeting," I replied from within my curtains. "A signal to show on which side they intend to pass. Go to sleep, and don't ask questions."

I need not have suggested it, for my friend is the most somnolent man I know; indeed, he was sound long before the swell rolled down from the distant steamer's track and I had dressed to go on deck.

Last night, when the adverse tide and failing wind had compelled us to anchor, the sky was ablaze with flashing color. The river ran in streaks of blood, the distant lightship flamed feebly amidst the brooding shadows, and all the puny far-off ships were silhouetted against the brilliant sun in sudden dabs of purple color.

Now all was changed. The night was pitchy black, the river black, the marshes clothed in blackness. A leaden pall obscured the stars from view, scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and the silence was the silence that creeps upon the face of the waters in the stillness of a calm.

Close astern, the Grain Spit beacon blinked eerily out of shadow, lighting the yacht's decks and snowy sails with fitful gleams of flame. Farther afield the Nore swung its heavy glare slowly around the compass. No other spark of light was visible, no shadowy spars or hulls appeared within the scope of our horizon; the lights of the vessels recently passing in the offing had vanished, and but for the sluggish ripple at the bow, the night was void of sound as well.

I had come on deck to take a look around and grow cool, intending presently to return and try to follow my friend's example; but now all thought of sleep vanished from my mind. I sat quietly huddled in my deck chair, watching the leaping gleams of light, and pondering on the brooding savagery lurking in the still air.

There should have been a watch forward, doubtless there was, but whether he slept or watched I neither knew nor cared. When I came on deck, my pipe was alight; but before I had lounged ten minutes it had gone out, and I had put it aside. I was engrossed with the curious silence, the solemn darkness, the eerie, scintillating lights; and nothing came to disturb me

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"IT WAS ME WHO TOOK HER FOR RUNS ABOUT THE BEACH."

until a dark shadow floated silently past, and I knew a boat had drawn across the briefly lighted water.

Half an hour crept by, then a footstep challenged my attention, and I turned, to see the skipper standing in stockinged feet, saluting.

"Well, Tranquil," I said, giving him the sobriquet he loved, "what is it? How comes it you are not in bed?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he replied, in his curious, deep voice, "but there's no sleeping to-night for me. I couldn't do it comfortable, knowing what I know."

"What is it?" I questioned again, for I could see the man was ill at ease, and wished to get to the bottom of a matter at which so far he had only hinted. "You know you can speak without reserve, and if I can help, why——"

"Sir," he broke in, "you're very kind. I'm troubled in my mind, and it's about the little maid."

"Go on," I said, "I understand. That was why you wished to fetch the Lightship before night fell?"

"Ay, sir—that was it. But what can a man do with this calm and sultriness when he's looking for an anchorage two mile in the eye of the tide? Nothing, only anchor where you are, and keep a lookout for the boat. What boat? Sir, there's a long yarn trailing astern of that question, and maybe presently you'll be wanting to go below."

"No, Tranquil," I returned. "It is too hot to sleep, so cut along. Long or short, I am interested."

The skipper remained silent awhile; he stood holding on to the spring backstay, gazing out into the night and listening intently.

"I think you said her name was Nell," I remarked, noting the pause. "It is a pretty name—the name of a very beautiful woman."

"There's none, sir, like to Nell in my eyes," he returned, as he faced about and met my gaze, "and there never will be. In the days I'm going to speak of she was just a dark-eyed, golden-haired slip of beauty, that no man that's worth the name would dream of tying down to married life for maybe half-a-dozen years. Fifteen was her age, sir, and as coaxing and dainty a little woman she was as here or there a score. I've known her since she were that high," said Tranquil, as he measured a distance of some three feet from the deck, "and ever since she were

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that high I've been her playmate, big brother, chum; but nothing more.

"Mother and I lived down here in those days, and Nell was hidden away in a lonesome cottage on the marshes, near the fork of the river, facing the Ness. That's where she was brought up and taught to do her duty, fear God, and honor the Queen; that's where she learned to read and write and spell; and her mother was her teacher—her only teacher, and the best. Her father is known as 'Old Man Jenkin,' and is as drunken a skinflint as ever boiled down shells for soup, and skimmed the grease to spread his bread; and when the mother died, Old Man Jenkin sold the home, and came across to the Ness, where he settled down to drink and laziness, as though he had shipped saloon and was bound by mail to the devil. And then it was she came to ask my advice in everything, and from then the trouble grew."

Tranquil paused, and stood staring out into the night, while I listened, surprised at the intense emotion ringing in his speech.

"Sir," he continued after a while, "my old mother and me looked after her from that out. It was mother who put her straight when she came past from school; mother who mended her bibs and tuckers, and set her pinafore aflame with ribbons; me who took her for her runs about the beach, taught her how to pull a scull, set a sail, and tell a brig from a schooner; me it was who walked her home along the parade, and kept her from noticing the gay soldier sparks that trapse the front on the lookout for pretty hearts to break; me it was who taught her all she knew of sailor work, and she— Sir, she gave me thought for thought, teaching for teaching, and was just my baby sister; a sweet, innocent lassie, fit for all men's love, but no one's courting. How should she be, when she was only just fifteen?

"I didn't tumble to how things stood," the skipper continued, with a husky note in his voice, "until one day when I came back from a trip up river and saw her standing all flushed, and pretty as a picture, waiting in the doorway for me to return, and then it came upon me like a flash. The child was a woman grown—a woman to love, a woman to win—and I hung back, half afraid, from the greeting she gave me, and my heart leaped at the kisses tingling on my face.

"She noticed the difference, and looked up quick, with a pretty laugh, and said, 'How startled you are, Tom! You mustn't be startled; a girl may always kiss her brother. Come, take me for a walk.' Those were her words, sir. I remember them well; I shall never forget them, nor what followed, never.

"So my little maid and I went out, and wandered, as we often did, to the beach, far beyond the fortress, and sat down on an overturned boat to watch the leaping sea. It's quiet down there, and lonely, and we both had something in our hearts to keep us still.

"I mind the night well. It was fair and quiet as a sleeping child; no heavy clouds to smudge the horizon, no smoke or fog banks, only a silver sea rippling down to our feet, bright with the light of the rising moon. A whisper ran up the beach from where it fell upon the stones, and the song droned in my ears like music from the band. I was happy. Sir, I was happy. Why? Because I saw the love-light dancing in Nell's eyes, and thought it spelled love for me.

"Wrong, sir! All wrong and all astray. Men mostly are when they take to guessing the secrets of a woman's heart. I know it now; but then I had only just learned my own heart's secret, and I was prejudiced 'on my own.'

"For a while we sat in silence, Nell picking up little pebbles and flinging them, while I watched. I thought she was waiting for me to speak, and I didn't know quite how to tackle it. But I knew I must; so I cast my eyes about, and at that moment the Nore Light swung to face us. I caught at it quick, for it gave me a notion.

"'That's a pretty gleam, Nell,' I said. 'I could almost fancy——'

"'How funny!' she cried, breaking in with a laugh. 'I was just thinking

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about that light. How bright it shines now, how dark it is when it passes round! How I should love to live out there and see it flashing slowly, slowly, all night long, and to hear the tramp of the watch! Oh, it must be so lonely for the poor watch—nothing but the moaning river, the passing ships, and the distant glimpse of home. I should love to be out there, too. Oh, Tom, I should love to be out there always!'

"'It's a queer freak, Nell,' said I, wondering; 'but don't you set your heart on it. Women aren't allowed on the light-ships; it's as impossible as on a man-o'-war.'

"'That is why I mean to go there,' she flashed saucily.

"'It's more than I can compass, lass,' said I.

"'Ted Brady will manage it,' she answered; then, seeing my look, 'Oh, Tom, don't be cross; don't be anxious. I long to go out there. I want to see that ship where——' She paused, and, stooping down, picked up some more pebbles, and flung them at random across the beach.

"'Where what?' said I.

"'I think you are horrid!' she cried—I mind her words well, sir—'I think you are horrid!'—that's what she said; then, seeing my look, she tossed aside the stones and put her arms about my neck. 'No, no,' she cried, 'I didn't mean that. I meant would you be very angry if I—if Ted Brady, for instance, took me out for a trip one day all by himself?'

"'Tell me, Nell,' said I, 'have you been seeing much of Brady?' I don't know, sir, why I asked the question. I only remember a chill had swept across me, just as if a fog was settling over the sea; but there was no fog. The water rippled bravely under the old moon, and Nell's face was very close to mine when I looked up.

"'Would you mind if I had, Tom?' she questioned.

"'Ted's a good lad, Nell. No, I can't say I would mind; he's a good lad.'

"Sir," said Tranquil, as he paused to stare out into the night, "I was giving myself away; but I could say no less, although it was easy to see how the land lay—easy as reading a book; and unless I told a lie, I could say nothing else of my old chum Brady.

"'Oh, I am so glad!' she cried, 'because now I can tell you quite easily all I wanted to tell you; and it was so difficult to begin, wasn't it?'

"'Yes, Nell,' I made answer, 'the beginning was—what—you might call difficult.'

"'That is my own kind brother now,' she whispered. Then nestling close beside me, she told me all about Ted Brady, how Brady was a hero, the only hero on earth. She didn't say as much, sir, you'll understand; but she just showed her hand clear out in the moonlight, and laughed and blushed and coaxed, while I sat tight, gripping the boat's chime to keep from dropping a word to spoil it.

"The night was dark, but not like this, sir. There was light enough to see clear out into the depths. Away in the blue distance one could make out the vessels creeping slowly over the tide, outlined with little jets of fire; scarce moving they were, and very tiny on the sea-line, but twinkling like stars on a frosty night.

"I sat on a while, watching them, and wondering at the silence. I sat so long that at last Nell noticed it, and coming more in face of me, looked into my eyes. Hers were dancing, bright with love, and the moon showed me the flush on her cheek, the red of her lips, and the gleam of her white teeth, as I sat on, all in the shadow.

"'Turn round, Tom,' she cried at this. 'No—it isn't fair. I can't see you. Turn round and talk. Tell me, are you glad? Tom, you are not sorry? Say something. Tell me you are—not sorry?'

"But I couldn't speak, sir; not for shekels I couldn't speak. Then Nell caught me by the arm, and holding me back to watch me said, 'Tom, *you* don't mind, *do* you? Tell me it's nothing—to—you—or—I shall believe—I don't know what.'

"She pulled me half round into the

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light, and then the words came; not the words I wanted, sir. God! they always halt when they are most needed.

"'"If you mean, do I love you, Nell,' said I, 'except as a brother should, why, you flatter yourself, my dear. Cling on to Brady, and—I'll see fair play.'"

The skipper stopped short, and stood gripping the backstay in silence. Far down the reach a steamer was speaking Southend Pier. A group of colored lights blazed in a triangle, and a glittering shower of fire balls cleft the darkness from her signal rocket.

"You'll easily see, sir," Tranquil went on quietly when the flash had disappeared, "my chance after that was gone. My little maid believed me—as she should—for why should I spoil her life for the sake of my desire?"

Again his voice broke. He paused in his speech abruptly, and taking a few hurried turns about the deck, returned and stood before me with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and commenced anew.

"For a while, sir," he went on, his words falling with a singular rhythmic cadence amidst the rippling river music alongside, "for a while it was difficult to go steady, but I held on for Nell's sake. I held on till she seemed quiet and easy, and then I took a berth in Colonel Villier's yacht the *Sunflower*, and came round to Cowes for the season. I thought I wasn't wanted. I thought it best to stay away and forget, but I'd better have lost my right arm and leg than let what followed grow; for if my little maid could never be my wife, she was still my sister by our compact, and I should have stayed to see it through.

"That year, sir, as you may remember, the summer fell fine, and the Colonel, after the Island racing was done, took a cruise west. We entered for no more matches, but just pottered about the coast, dropping in at Guernsey, Jersey, St. Malo, Brest; sometimes staying a week in a place, sometimes only a day, then moving on. So it fell that the letters that were sent after me never fetched, and I had no news until late in the autumn, when we happened to put into Plymouth on a run from the Scilly's to the Isle of Wight. And here I went ashore for the Colonel's letters, and, while

"I SAT SO LONG THAT AT LAST NELL NOTICED IT, AND LOOKED INTO MY EYES."

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I was about it, asked if by chance there were any for me.

"Two were handed across the counter, one two months old, another three weeks. They were marked to await, and they had awaited.

"The first was from mother, telling me how Old Man Jenkin had come to hear of Nell's sweethearting, and had stopped it by taking her away to Rochester, where they were living in Crump's house, and enclosing a letter from the little maid herself, begging me to come to help her.

"The second was from Nell also, saying that Brady had taken the huff at something Old Man Jenkin had said, and asking why I had not answered her earlier letters.

"Letters! God forgive me, I had done my best to keep clear of letters. I wanted to forget, and forgot that the little lass might be praying for help from the only man who could give it. A miserable business, sir—selfishness, pure selfishness, and a touch of jealousy thrown in. I'd kept away, and this was the result.

"But I waited no longer. I saw the Colonel on my return, handed him my papers, and asked for my discharge. This he gave me like the kind master he always was, with money to cover my expenses over and above my pay; so in fifteen hours from then I was back again at the Ness.

"All too late, sir! All too late! The little maid was married tight and fast, married to the man who had bought her, body and soul, from Old Man Jenkin, for the price of his rum and keep to the end of his days. Crump is her name now, Nell Crump, and her husband is the biggest villain on all the river front.

"HER HUSBAND IS THE BIGGEST VILLAIN ON ALL THE RIVER FRONT."

"A marine store dealer they call him, with a surfeit of money and two or three shops. One at Rochester, one at Bluetown, one at Chatham. He spends his nights rollicking at one or the other of his houses, and his days in grabbing from the needy. Old Man Jenkin lives with him now, and word is going the rounds that Crump is tired of keeping him in his weekly allowance now he has the girl, and is plying him with double goes of rum to hurry him off.

"That's as may be. I went down to see Old Man Jenkin one day, but he was dead drunk; I could get no sense out of

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him. I tried to see Nell, but Nell was away, kept away on purpose. God! what could I do? Nothing! only watch and wait, and plan to get the chance of seeing her somewhere.

"I watched and planned and waited for maybe six months; then one day I met Nell by chance, and I could scarcely look her in the face for tears. My little Nell! My little maid that was, a twelvemonth ago, and now——"

The skipper paused, and took a dozen rapid turns about the deck, while I sat on, staring into the darkness. The night was silent as the grave, silent, and wholly void of movement. Only the distant Nore threw its searching glare around the horizon, and the blinking beacon on the Grain Spit lighted the decks with recurrent flashes. Nothing else moved or stirred; the silence was intense.

"My little maid was tall, and pale, and quiet now," Tranquil resumed in steadier tones, as he halted once more before me. "Dressed all in black she was, with a dainty bit of white about her throat, for the child had come—and gone. Yes, sir, I thank God for that. It was gone. She asked me hurriedly why I had not answered, or come to see her when she sent. I told her I did not know she wanted me; and then she cried a little, and asked me if ever I saw Ted Brady, and I told her I had seen him, and come nearer to killing a man than ever I hoped to again. Then, clinging to my arm, she told me what Brady had never whispered—that her father, having arranged with Crump to sell her, had driven her lover away with lies that smudged her name and mine; and so, left by herself with no help, living in the house of the man who is her husband, she was compelled to marry him, or worse would have fallen.

"Was she happy? Sir, she looked me in the face and laughed. A pretty smile it was, but all aside the mark—meant as a blind to hide the truth. Eigh! if I had known then what I know now; if when God put it into my heart to ask for letters in Plymouth, He had put it into my little maid's heart to tell me what stood in the path beside her, day and night, night and day, week in, week out, I would have saved her then. I would have taken her out of it, let forty Crumps have joined hands to hold her back. But I knew nothing, she told me nothing; I only saw her white, and thin, and smiling, and didn't know enough to guess the rest.

"So months went by. I went jogging about the river, picking up odd jobs, fishing, yachting, but never going far afield in case I might be wanted; until one day I came home and heard that Brady had been ashore on leave, and folks were coupling my little maid's name with his.

"Sir, you can guess how it struck me. I tried to meet him, but he fought shy. I had no chance of seeing either, till Brady was near upon the time when his leave expired; and then, one night, down on the sand, when I was coming back from my boat, I saw them standing together near the place where the little maid first told me of her love.

"It was a quiet, still night, with the gleam of a young moon lying crescent ways down in the western shadow. Nell's head was resting on his shoulder when I came upon them, and he was bending over kissing her pretty cheek. They did not see me, or guess the grim pain they put upon me. It was all done in a flash. I saw them and I hurried down and spoke:

"'For God's sake, Brady,' I cried, 'let the lass go home. Do you want to breed trouble? Do you want to kill the little maid?'

"He looked up quick at the sound of my voice, and drew her to him.

"'What would you have, man?' he shouted angrily. 'She's mine! She was stolen from me by lies—by lies and the devil's cajolery. Stand back! No man parts us now!'

"'Is that so, Nell?' I asked, turning to her.

"She flung her lover's arms aside, and came toward me holding out her hands.

"'It is so—God forgive me—I love him. He was to have been my husband!'

"'Let me think it out,' I cried, and

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sat down on the bottom of the upturned boat. But she would not wait.

"'No, no!' she cried; 'it is all settled. You must not look so sad. I can't live this life! The man Crump is killing me—he is killing me, as he killed those who have gone before me. I know it! Don't ask me how—I know it! And so I have promised to go to my lover. Oh, Tom, my brother, don't look so grave! Don't shake your head. You promised always to guard me, and now I want your help. Look, I am your little sister still, and I want my brother's help.'

"'God rest you, lass!' I said. 'It's that I want to give you—stay still and let me think.'

"So we sat on in the dark, sir, watching the gray sea gleaming under the dying moon, watching the lights as they stole past us in the offing, watching the sail-shadows looming nearer at hand. Vessels passing, every one, vessels passing and leaving no trace, like the souls of men at the end of their time. I was thinking, thinking, and beating the sea for a ray of light. But no answer fell, no gleam of wisdom came to help my sorrow. The moon sailed behind a cloud; nothing was left. I turned to Nell and spoke what came first:

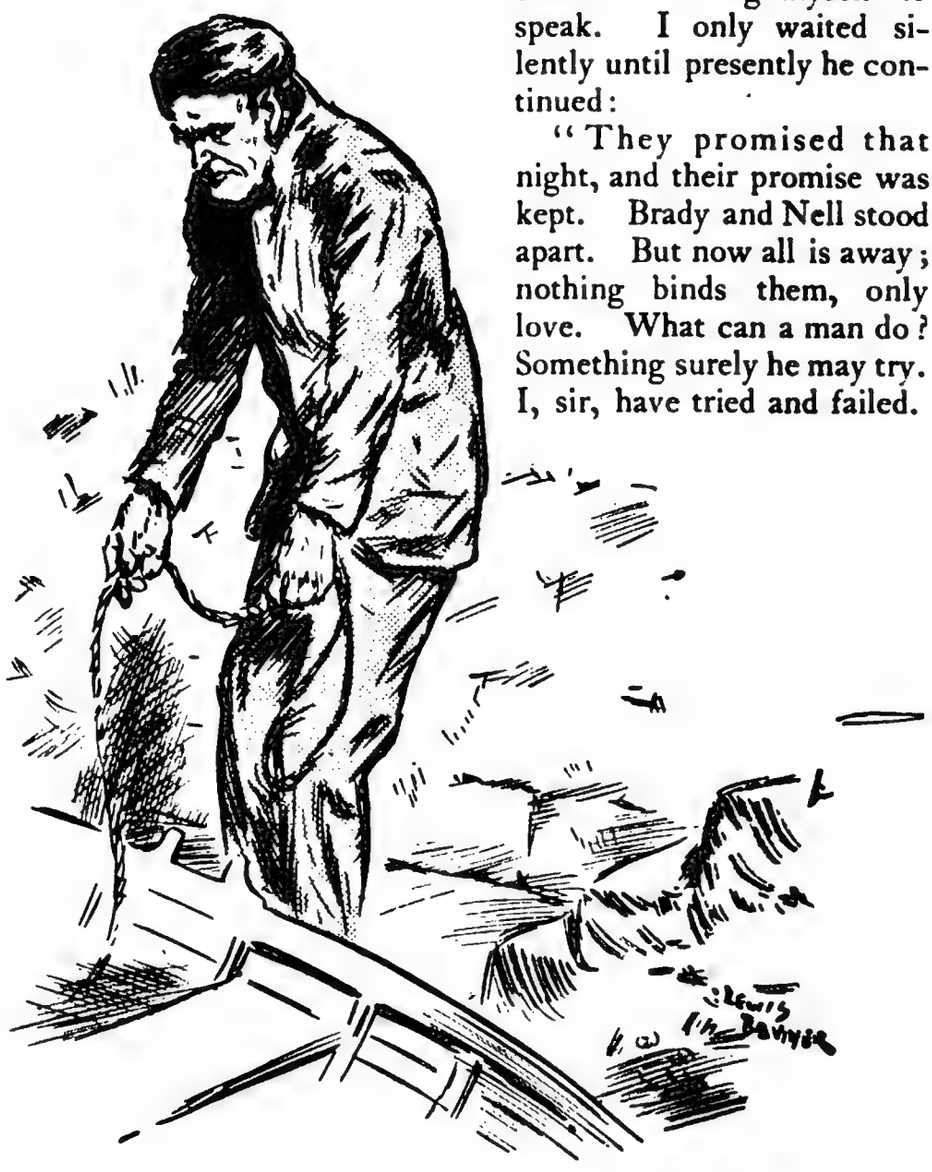
"'Let be awhile,' I said, after a pause, 'let all stand, and in a month—two months—maybe something may happen. Crump is old; he may die. A thousand risks stand over him daily—in his launch, in the boat, on the railway, unloading his vans in the stores. Let be; don't give wing to the rumor that hangs about the town. A man like Crump can't live forever, and you, Nell, are not as yet eighteen.'

"Then my little maid's face sank on her lover's arm. I saw a shiver run through her frame, and I took the hand she held toward me for answer. It was cold, and her pulses beat like the throb of a fluttering sail.

"A month! Two months! God, it seemed nothing to my despair. To them it seemed an age, but it was not long enough. It has passed, sir, and still—Crump—lives."

Tranquil stood before me strong, earnest, pathetic, his manner quiet, his words ringing with the pathos of his struggle. I could not bring myself to speak. I only waited silently until presently he continued:

"They promised that night, and their promise was kept. Brady and Nell stood apart. But now all is away; nothing binds them, only love. What can a man do? Something surely he may try. I, sir, have tried and failed.



"I SAW HIM FIDDLING ABOUT HIS BOAT DOWN BY THE PIER."

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"I have tried and failed. I recognize to-night what it truly is. It's failure spelled all in capitals. How could it be otherwise, when God sits still and will not show His hand? Never a gleam of light, never a vision. No help, only Crump lives; and, what is worse, the rumor now has found him, too.

"Brady is on the lightship. His spell of leave is over, and a vessel's decks are lonely quarters for a man in love, whose love is in hourly dread of God knows what brutality. What can be done to relieve the pain he suffers waiting for news? Only one thing. Nell must carry the news herself; her love bids her carry it to him. Sir, she has carried it to him many times across the lonely Swatch.

"In fine weather the road is easy for them who know. A bee-line from Garrison Light, I showed her years ago, leads just inside the Spit buoy straight to the Nore. So Nell rows out, and for a space Brady walks his spell under the lamp, with visions dancing in his eyes, for the little maid is safe, and he has held her in his arms.

"Last evening she went out once more. Crump had gone to London, and the night promised to be quiet; but before we sailed from Queenborough I saw him fiddling about his boat down by the pier. What use was he going to make of her? Why had he not gone to London? Sir, has he gone afloat?"

The skipper paused abruptly, and stood looking out into the darkness, while I rose from my chair and paced the deck before him, for the grim pathos of his story had stirred me greatly.

"Do you anticipate this man Crump intended following her?" I questioned.

"Sir, there's no saying."

"Work for a divorce, Tranquil," I said. "Come to me in the morning, and I will tell you what to do. Rely on me, I will gladly help you."

"You are very kind, sir," he returned. "God willing, I'll be able to bring it about. A divorce is the very word."

The skipper's voice ceased. I waited half in hope of some further explanation, but none came; and when presently I turned to where he had leaned, the place was vacant. The darkness and the eerie flashing lights alone outlived.

When morning broke, I was still in my chair. For an hour or so I must have slept, and then sat on in a waking dream watching the failing shadows. It was cooler now. The heavy clouds had vanished, and low in the far northeast a primrose streak was stealing slow across the sky. A violet shadow still brooded over the seaward reaches. The west was wrapped in darkness, and although night still lay heavy across the distant marshland, the swinging Nore was paling, the flashing Spit no longer leaped out of space filling the air with eerie signals, and the Maplins were glinting yellow in the growing dawn. And with the light the gulls swept screaming seaward.

The morning grew golden, luminous runners whipped the sky. A ripple lay on the face of the waters, scattered in twenty widespread patches. Groups of dark-sailed vessels marked the horizon, idly as the smoke-cloud drooping in the glint of the sun; then a dazzling glare spread like a crown over the heavens, as a flaming ball of fire stole from its shimmering bed. The dawn was past and day had come, and still the gulls flew screaming seaward.

For a while I sat on, dreamily content to watch the glowing sea, listening to the birds, the soft ripple at the bows, and the little thuds and jerks of the impatient rudder; and then, the chorus growing, I looked about until my eye chanced on the stern, and I saw the dinghy no longer floated in its place. The gig lay in the davits as at sundown, but the dinghy surely was missing.

I rose from my chair, and walking aft, looked to see if by any chance the boat had drifted under the counter; but no, it had disappeared. Turning on my heel, I marched forward, bent on speaking my mind to the careless watch in the bows, but as I approached he turned round, and I saw he was not sleeping.

"I thought, sir, I heard a shout," he

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said, and faced about to stare at a blotch of shadow lying beneath the whirl of screaming gulls.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Sir, it looks like a boat; but I don't make out why the gulls are skirling."

I took the glass from him and stood examining the blotch.

"Call the Cap'n," said I after a while; "we will go out and see what it is."

"Sir, the Cap'n's not aboard, begging your pardin; he went away in the dinghy two hours agone."

"Where did he go?" I cried angrily, remembering my intense drowsiness.

"He was to have told you, sir," the man replied, "but you were asleep, an' he thought he would be back directly."

"Get some one with you," said I. "We will take the gig and get away at once."

He rose without a word, called the mate, and came on deck; then lowering the boat, we rowed away in the path of the sun; and as we went the blotch resolved into two blotches, two boats—one near, the other farther seaward. And above the distant boat the gulls swerved and fought and screamed unceasingly.

We rowed on and came up with the first. It was the dinghy, her painter trailing deep—oars, rudder, rowlocks, all in their place; but Tranquil was missing.

I turned and looked with new interest at that farther blotch, with its attendant flock of whirling gulls, and started rowing quickly, staring into the obscuring sunglare. Then we came upon the boat, and the gulls swooped wide to avoid us.

A half water-logged wherry lay beside us, cumbered in the stern sheets by a curiously flaccid bundle. The mate leaned forward, prodding the bundle with his oar. It lurched heavily sideways, and fell with a splash across the gunwale. The thing had turned on its side, and the face of Thomas Crump scowled in ours—Thomas Crump, with a heavy blue weal across the temples, gazing vacantly at the gulls.

And down on the bottom boards, lying prone upon his back, stiff amid the rushing water, was the skipper Tranquil, smiling, dead.

The "little maid's" divorce had been arranged.

ON THE WAY TO DAWSON CITY

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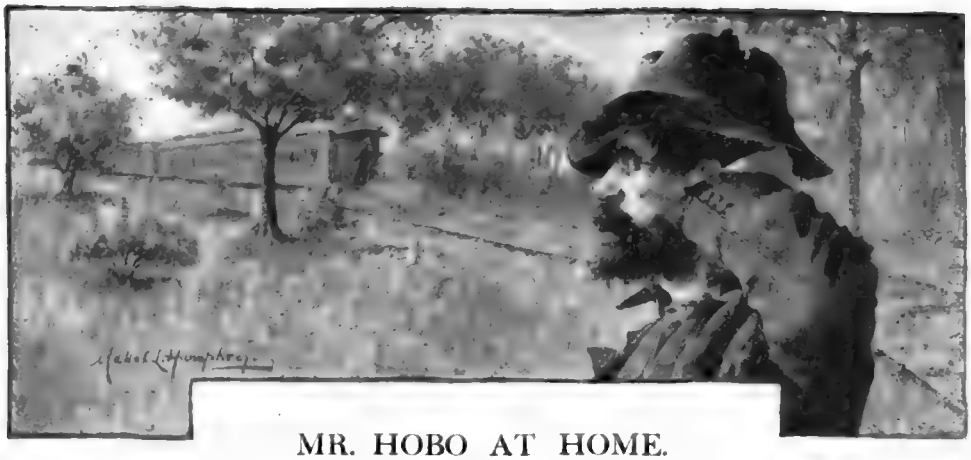

MR. HOBO AT HOME.

By J. R. Creed.

Carlyle reflected that men always love to know their fellow-men in singular situations. Ample reason this for the study of the hobo, a creature always doing things out of the common, always drifting mentally and bodily. One can hardly speak of the tramp as being at home anywhere; yet he makes himself at home on the railroads, so much so that they are called the tramp's highways. They are essential to his life. They pass through the populated districts; as a rule represent the most direct routes between towns. Through mountainous country, over the prairies and deserts, across rivers and cañons, they are often the only ways there are. All this is of primary importance to the tramp, whose whole time is spent moving. The hobo is perpetually travelling long distances, not because he has to go anywhere particularly, but because he has to get out of somewhere else. Under pressure of extreme necessity he walks; as a rule, whether he has a short journey in view or whether he intends to cross the entire continent, he goes by train. How he does this is interesting. He pays no fares at all; unlike people who do, he does not travel from station to station, but joins trains after they have left one depot and before they have arrived at another. He travels on all parts of the trains except inside the passenger coaches.

Often, in order to avoid detection, he will take weeks to accomplish a short journey, changing trains continually. All railroad officials are his born enemies, brakemen and detectives above others. He spends his life dodging them, every now and then coming into open collision and fighting.

The tramps make no secret of their methods. When it is safe to do so, they defy the railway servants openly; they will even go a step farther, and bribe them. All the railroad systems are infested in this way, and it is barely possible that they will ever mitigate the nuisance to any extent. A little line running from Melbourne to Hot Springs was able to boast at one time that it had never been "beaten" by a tramp; but when the management offered a new suit of clothes to any hobo who obtained a free ride, it was not long before a man was found bold enough to take up the challenge. The plan he adopted to accomplish this is typical of tramp methods, and exemplifies the plucky spirit which characterizes all these hobo enterprises. Too close a watch was kept by the officials to make it possible for any one to obtain a free ride on any part of the train where he could be seen. The man, therefore, made the trip inside the water-tank of the tender! He waited in the station yard while the engine was taking in

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its supply of water, and finding his opportunity, climbed on to the tender from behind, and raising the valve, lowered himself through the opening. He managed to keep the lid so far raised that it admitted all the air he required without the fact of its openness being conspicuous from outside. The water came up almost to his shoulders. In this condition he made the entire journey—and was, one can imagine, quite ready for the new suit when he arrived.

It is well worth while to study the other ways in which tramps obtain their free rides. The most luxurious travelling is, of course, on the express trains. The tramp's seat on the limited is the forward platform of the express car. Although the express cars have platforms at either end, there are no doors opening on to them, and that one nearest the engine is a fairly secure place of concealment once the train is in motion. The hobo must join the train outside the depot; often when it is travelling at a high rate of speed.

It may not be by any means the first time that he has done this; but when he hears the boom of the train, and the big engine heaves in sight, the most desperate ruffian feels his heart beating in quicker time. When the engine is close upon him, he commences to run in the direction in which the train is going, and at the critical moment takes a leap, grabbing at the railing of the platform. However, so great is the confidence and so cool the nerve of these men, that I have known one to spring on to an express train while standing on a bridge where there was no room whatever for a run. It was a single leap, an unerring snatch at that railing flashing by at enormous speed.

Having reached this little platform, the tramp is safe for the time being, even comparatively comfortable. At each stopping place he must get off, and disappear as completely as possible. If it is feasible he joins the same train again; if anything occurs to prevent this he waits for another. It not infrequently happens that a hobo is discovered and turned off three or four times on one journey, and still manages to arrive at his destination.

There are several disadvantages to travelling on the forward platform of an express car. A sudden stopping of the engine or an unexpected swing round a curve is likely to pitch the poor vagabond off his perch head foremost to the ground. Besides, every now and then, on a lengthy run, the engine scoops up water automatically from long troughs in the centre of the track, and the unfortunate tramp gets a ducking from the spray. Under the surprise of this sudden douche of cold water a man is likely to make sufficient outcry to attract the attention of the stoker, who proceeds to add to his discomfort by hurling lumps of coal in his direction. He will not, of course, take other steps to oust the trespasser, except to be on the alert to catch him at the first halt.

In the winter this front part of the express car is a frightfully exposed place; a man cannot do much to keep himself warm by tramping up and down a platform that is hardly long enough for two strides. Sometimes, when trains have been snowbound, hoboes have been found on the platforms, totally benumbed, almost dead with the intense cold and hunger. I recall one occasion when the train in which I happened to be travelling through Dakota ran into a drift and was held there for nearly forty-eight hours. It was not until we were starving, and had decided to make a raid on the express car for possible provisions, that three hoboes were discovered more dead than alive. The temperature was considerably below zero, and not one of the men possessed an overcoat. They were brought inside the car and thawed at the stove, and shared what little there was to eat with the rest of us. Afterwards, when the track was cleared, they were allowed to finish the journey inside. As a rule, however, not much sympathy is shown these tramps. Come upon unexpectedly, under ordinary circumstances, they are liable to be dumped down beside the line, hundreds of miles from any habitation. There is a merciful law in the

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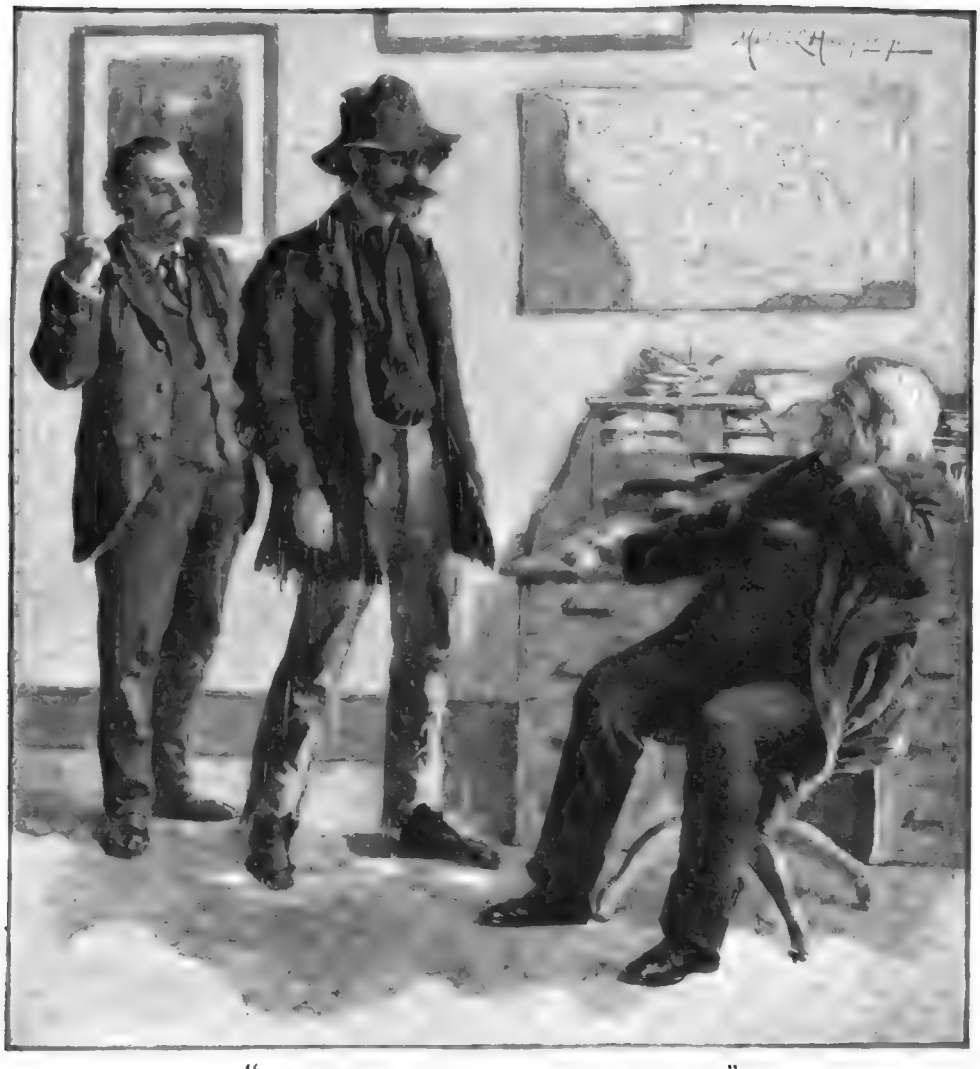

"QUITE READY FOR THE NEW SUIT WHEN HE ARRIVED."

desert country that they may only be put off where there is water.

By night, tramps will often ride on the roofs of passenger trains. This is known by the fraternity as double-decking. It is uncomfortable travelling up there on the top, lying at full length, holding like grim death to anything that comes handy—the chimney of the stove by preference. There is more motion to a car than one would suppose who has only ridden inside one. It seems, instead of running smoothly, to bound over the rails; there is something in the motion which suggests the trot of a weary dromedary. Overhead are the placid stars; to right and to left the sleepy landscape, and ever in front the red gleam from the engine, on which the freezing tramp fixes his eyes, trying to comfort himself with the reflection of warmth. But beneath there is unearthly tumult.

Better, however, to be riding on the top of a car than below one. No twinkling stars there to look at, no peaceful scenery, not even that crimson glow like a pillar of fire before one; nothing but dust and the rush of air and turmoil. Dirt and grit fly in your face, filling the eyes, the mouth,

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the nose. There is a very real danger of suffocation, and, besides this, that other danger, ever present, of being hurled from your precarious hold and crushed beneath those wheels awakening such deafening clamor as they whir over the slippery rails. Only the hobo, with his indestructibility of nerve, could keep his head and his hold in that storm of sound and flying fragments.

For all this, there are men who ride under the cars continually. In the night time they can possibly ensconce themselves before the train is in motion ; but by day they must dart in between the wheels after the train has begun to move, when it is not worth while to stop the train in order to put them off. Then one false step, a single miscalculation, and the hobo's tramping days are over. But these merry men are gifted with as many lives as a cat; they survive incredible risks. You seldom hear of one being run over. It is on the tie-beam which runs the entire length of a car that the hobo manages to sit. The experienced man, however, takes with him a small board which he fixes from this beam to the shoulder of the axle-box, and is thus enthroned, one might say entombed, comfortably. In the semi-darkness he is jerked along amidst a tumult of rattling and creaking. On account of the vibration of the board, he is compelled to cling tightly ; but he will manage in spite of everything to take matches and cigarettes from his pocket, and smoke.

However, there are more luxurious ways of travelling than between the wheels of cars. There are, for instance, the double tops of the refrigerating cars returning empty. If you have ever stopped to examine a meat car, you know that the ice is stored in the roof and packed in straw. After the meat has been removed and the ice taken out, this straw is usually allowed to remain; it even dries after a time. Here, then, is a travelling loft in which the nomad can make himself at home. By waiting about in the yards, he can climb to the top of one of these cars without being detected, and it is then the work of a moment to slip through one of the trap-doors. In order to obtain a supply of air, he must prop this open a little way by means of a stick, and with everything thus comfortably arranged, the tramp can look forward to a journey which he can accomplish in comparative luxury.

The freight trains offer many opportunities for free rides, of which the hobo avails himself to the utmost. At worst he will ride on the buffers, and from this there are many stages of comparative ease, including the interior of a lumber car (in which there is always the danger of having one's legs broken by shifting logs) and even the inside of an oil-tank.

The tramp can withstand cold as well as any one, but instinctively he makes for warmth. With an empty stomach there is much need of external heating. Such is the chief consideration which induces so many hoboes to travel among cattle. In the cattle cars there is always warmth; pressed close to the sides of a fat steer there is no danger of freezing. Besides, when one is cold and hungry, there is a consolation in being among cattle. They are companionable, but, at the same time, they may unconsciously kill. It takes very little to make the animals stampede, and amidst that shoving of big animals and the thrash of horns and hoofs the hobo is lucky who escapes without injury.

Notwithstanding the obvious dangers, however, there are sometimes four tramps in a single car, each in a corner. They climb in through the small window in the rear used by the cattlemen, and guard themselves as far as possible against the danger of being crushed, by means of a couple of pointed sticks held, one under each arm, with the butt end against the walls of the truck.

In this way the hobo will travel for hundreds of miles, grateful because the atmosphere is warmed by the breathing of the animals and the heat given off by their bodies.

Particularly in Western countries the tramp is prepared to run very considerable chances of detection by the railroad officials. It is known that they will fight rather than retreat when their minds are set upon a

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journey, and this fact doubtless accounts in some measure for the comparative immunity with which they travel without paying a cent. When the hobo is cast adrift, however, he walks grudgingly and with revolting instincts, but still keeping largely to the railroads. A railroad does not offer good walking. The ties are laid either too far apart or too near for a man's stride, and the majority of professional tramps walk on the rails themselves. At night time, if nothing better offers, they build shelters for themselves of disused sleepers and make fires from them.

When one stops to consider the methods of the hobo, it is not a matter of great surprise that he retains so many savage traits. He is a born fighter. Valuing his own life very lightly, as the extreme measures he will adopt show, he has very trifling respect for the lives of others. In spite of the strong fraternal feeling which undoubtedly exists among them, there is not much trust between tramp and tramp. A man wearing a fresh suit of clothes, or having a couple of dollars in his possession, will be killed for that. The daily papers report at frequent intervals that the body of some unknown man has been discovered on the railroad. It is supposed that he was either run over or that he fell from a train on which he was a passenger. More often than not he is, in fact, some fellow driven by necessity to associate with tramps, and stupidly getting into their power. They make new friends with caution. A hobo wishing to get from Chicago to New York on the limited concealed himself in the yard, a short distance from the depot. When the express appeared, he made one of those desperate leaps and drew himself up on to the platform between the two foremost cars. As he did so a man loomed up in the darkness from the other side. He described to me his feelings in that moment. His first thought was that the man was a watchman. Should he slip back on to the track or spring forward and force that other man to slip back? He remained staring stupidly. The other man, gesticulating vehemently, began to explain that he was a tramp too. He wanted nothing but room to ride. They began forthwith to be friendly, or rather seeming to be friendly.

One having an overcoat took turns with the other in wearing it; the other admitted the possession of cigarettes; but in the wind the risk of lighting the last match was too great to be taken. Stamping up and down the platform to keep warm, one of them put his hand on the handle of the door to the rear car. To his immense surprise it opened. The car was in utter darkness, being filled with oyster barrels returning empty to the coast. In a minute the two men were inside. They discovered an oil lamp which they lit, and sat with it between their feet, resting their backs against a couple of barrels, and smoking. In the warmth and luxury they chatted together like old friends. At the first stopping-place one declares his intention of slipping out. He even offers to get some bread and whiskey from a saloon-keeper he knows, and to smuggle them back to his friend in the car. He is told courteously that if he ever comes near the car again he will have his head beaten in. The man inside is afraid he might be betrayed; as likely as not would have been!

Altogether an odd set of men, constituting quite a class by themselves, yet drawn from all classes; known among themselves as cross-tie sailors!

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THE REGILDING OF ALIC ENOC.

By M. Howard.

What had gone before needs no description. The woman upstairs, packing her little trunk, was crying, not loudly, not visibly, except that now and again a tear would trace its way down the wan cheeks and fall with a queer little splash. She was quite young. The face was of a pale and beautiful cast, yet lines of trouble had made little railways of themselves along her forehead, and there were marks between the eyebrows and round the corners of the violet eyes. Her hands, moulded with great delicacy, looked rough, and the backs of her fingers, particularly, were red. In the kitchen below she could hear her husband's feet drubbing on the bare floor, and she hastened with her work. Once, getting up in a hurry, she caught the hem of her print skirt with her foot, and it tore with an ugly, raw little scream. Presently Mr. Enoc came to the foot of the stairs and called to her:

"Look here, Mat, how much longer have I got to wait?" he asked. "Are we going to have breakfast at all? I don't know what you are doing up there."

She pinned up her dress hastily.

"I won't be a second, Alic," she called.

She left her task exactly as it was, unfinished, and hurried down into the kitchen. Her husband was sitting at the table in his shirt-sleeves. They were rolled up to the elbow, and showed his thick, red arms. It was because he had not shaved for several days that a reddy-brown growth of hair shaded his upper lip and spread over his chin. The two top buttons of his blue shirt, that he wore Chinese fashion over the trousers, were open to the strong sunburnt neck. Below the line of the collar the skin was as white and delicate as that of a woman. Moreover, the man's eyes were blue and his teeth were small and white.

Mrs. Enoc brought the mush and bacon from the stove and helped her husband; afterward she poured out the tea and cut the bread.

Meanwhile he sat with his elbows on the table, which was covered with a brown oilcloth, and stared out through the door at the slope of the vineyard, the yellow foothills, the dusty scrub, the big alkali lake, and the mountains. Yet he did not notice any of these in particular. He was thinking, like a machine, how often he had seen that view and how he loathed it.

Outside, the bright Californian sun was smiling. It was smiling as it always does, a rollicking, jovial, good-for-nothing sun, that drives men's hands into their pockets.

Enoc turned to his wife.

"I don't know what you were doing up there," he said again. "If you are thinking of making that stupid journey to Los Angeles, I tell you straight I won't have it. I tell you if your aunt wants to die—let her. It's none of your funeral."

"But, Alic, I must go," she said trembling. The sight of the tears in her violet eyes and the sound of tremor in her voice irritated him to an unconscionable degree. He got up, took his pipe from the chair on which he had laid it, and went outside.

"Very well, then," he said, stopping a moment to strike a match on the doorpost. "There was a time when you were pleased to pretend that you cared a little for my wishes, but I suppose I haven't a right to expect that to last. Your first husband's lesson ought to have been good enough for me."

He turned away then, and Mrs. Enoc went after him as far as the garden gate.

"You'll take my box down to the railway, Alic?" she ventured timidly. The glaring sun seemed to show up the lines on her face, and the creases on the print frock that had come through so many washings.

"Can't you see the team's hitched to the cultivator?" said Enoc; "because

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if you can there isn't much sense in that question. You'd better get Mason's horses."

The girl went back to the house. She felt as if an iron ring were round her neck, choking her. While her husband was eating she had not touched any food, and now she poured herself out half a cup of tea; but after taking one sip she put the cup down. She washed up at the little table below the window, put everything away in the cupboard, swept the floor, and went upstairs. Presently she put on her hat and went out again. Across the road was a frame house, painted green, and larger than their own because of the veranda that ran round the outside. An old man with a white beard was sitting on the porch, smoking, and turning over a newspaper quite a week old. He raised his head sheepishly as Mrs. Enoc came up to the door.

"Can I borrow your team, Mr. Mason?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Enoc. That's to say if you can fix 'em yourself," he replied. "The hired man's out, and I'm not accustomed to handling the creatures."

He had been a draper's manager in his better days, and lived in fear of his horses.

She went out at once to the corral. A bay and a gray horse, standing with their heads over the rail, whinnied as she came up; and she captured them by the forelock and led them into the stable. When she had thrown on the dusty harness she took the reins in her hands, and, walking herself, drove them back to where the wagon stood up against the house.

Her husband, cultivating the orchard at the back of the place, paid no attention whatever to all this.

She went upstairs, brought her trunk down, and, climbing up beside it, drove off down the sandy trail. At the flag-station she dumped the box beside the line, and, leaving it there, turned back.

After she had unhitched the horses again and taken them to their own corral, she went back and gave some finishing touches to the house. She made the bed and tidied the room, doing all the work that is usually intrusted to the maid.

"Poor Alic; it is very unkind of me to leave him," she thought to herself. "Yet I must go, and I shan't be away more than a few days." She added this as if she were trying to excuse herself for some crime.

From far away in the distance there sounded the hoot of an engine. She put on her jacket—a black jacket that had somehow worn white at the cuffs and down the seam of the back—and went out once more into the glare of the sunshine.

Her husband was just turning his harrow. She went up to his side.

"I'm going now, Alic," she said. "It is right that I should go," and she looked up into his face wistfully, pleading forgiveness and permission.

"Very well," he said.

"Good-by, Alic."

"Good-by," he answered. "Any one might think you were going away forever, from the fuss you make about it. Get up, there!"

He flicked the rein he was holding, and the horses started afresh on their dreary task, to and fro, between the line of trees.

"Alic!" she called; she stretched out her hands. However, he did not turn. The toot-toot of the engine sounded nearer, and she knew it was time to be going.

Just as she turned he called her, and she stopped with a little cry of pleasure. It was a very small matter, and yet the sound of his voice calling "Mat!" made all the difference. For the first time that day a smile flashed from her lips; you could see then that she was beautiful.

"Yes, Alic," she called. She began running toward him.

"All right," he said; "stop there. It's only you haven't fed the chickens."

Then he started again behind his horses.

During the heat of the day Enoc never quitted the heel of his harrow. But presently a soft breeze came dawdling along from the sun-down sea and spread itself over the rocky uplands. A warm salmon light settled on the dry grass, the brown soil of the hills, and the baked cactus. It added a lustre to the dark leaves of the

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brush and a touch of scarlet to the red stems.

Ribbons of gold and blue and purple light entangled themselves in fairy harmony over the eastern sky, and the big alkali lake grew full of color.

Enoc stood for a moment stretching his long arms behind him and yawning. If any one had been there to hear how the wonders of this rapidly transforming scene struck him he might have made his comments; but he was alone, and he shifted his eyes to the raisins heaped on their wooden trays down the slope of the vineyard, and contented himself with an oath that he had used before on account of their poverty.

From the fig orchard at the bottom of the valley came up a soft, plaintive cry, the call of quail collecting together for their evening migration.

It reminded him of the empty larder, and he unhitched his team and went inside for his gun.

When he came back an hour later it was growing dark. He lit the lamp in the kitchen, and put some wood on the stove, and set out on the table the remains of some canned salmon and a loaf as yet untouched.

Supper was the big meal of the day.

The plates he had used at dinner were pushed unwashed to the end of the table, and when he had finished his meal he added the others to them. Washing up was work he hated, and a vague fit of irritation came over him because his wife was not there to do it.

He had reached for his pipe without getting up from his chair, and in doing so his eye fell upon the window, and upon the face of a man pressed against it. In an instant he was on his feet and had taken two strides toward the door. Before he reached it, however, it was opened gingerly, and a young fellow stood facing him on the threshold.

He wore blue overalls, darker and newer than those of Enoc's, yet otherwise the same, and round his neck a red-and-white handkerchief neatly knotted. As he opened the door he dropped on the ground a small bag that he carried, dropped it painfully as if, light as it looked, the weight were overpowering. The lamp-light, falling on his face, made him look deathly white.

"Got anything to eat?" he asked.

"No," said Enoc. It was the answer that he always gave to tramps, and as a rule they recognized it as final, and went off as they had come.

But the young fellow's eyes were fixed gluttonously on the half-eaten loaf. He took a step into the room.

"I am not asking any favor," he said; "I'm quite willing to work for what I get."

"There's no work to be done," said Enoc. His fingers had closed ominously, yet the stranger showed no signs of retreat.

"It's a question of starving with me," he said. "I'm willing to work for my food or"—his eyes were measuring Enoc carefully—"to fight for it," he added with a sudden snap of his teeth. His pale face became suffused with a hot wave of blood.

"You've come to the wrong shop, you dodgasted son of a hobo, you!" cried Enoc, and his great fist shot out with a blow that would have felled an ox. But the stranger, lithe as a cat, darted to one side, and the next moment the two men were locked together. The shock of the impact had hurled Enoc against the table, and the lamp went over with a crash. In the sudden darkness the muscles of each man relaxed for a moment, and the stranger, recovering first, worked his fingers up to Enoc's throat. A tremendous blow from the arm he had released dizzied him for a second, but he only tightened his grip. Step by step he forced his big opponent backward, and he could feel the strong chin working convulsively above his fingers. Enoc, with his legs curled round the other, his arms waving frantically, was choking to death.

Suddenly the stranger loosened his hold.

"That'll do as an introduction," he said. "I'm too hungry for a longer grace."

His voice came in jumps, and he was breathing hard.

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It was a dangerous move to make; an act of bravado that might have cost him his life.

But Enoc, leaning against the wall with his hands spread out behind him, remained perfectly still, watching the shadow of the stranger.

He picked up the lamp, and, lighting a match, put it to the wick, and placed the broken chimney over it.

Then he turned round quite calmly and held out his hand.

"Shake," he said.

"You've beaten me," said Enoc; "you've earned your meal if ever a man did." He seized the other's hand in his strong grip. All the rough chivalry in his nature was aroused. He dragged the loaf and the remains of the salmon to the table, and, still laboring to recover his wind, moved the kettle on to the hot part of the stove.

"Phew!" he said, throwing open the door, "it's—its too warm for those games here."

Upon opening the door he espied the bag that the stranger had put down in the veranda, and he brought it in.

"Come to stay, I see," he said with a laugh. But the other, tearing the loaf to pieces like a savage, did not answer; it was probable that he did not even hear.

It was never Enoc's fashion to sit up late at night. He waited until his visitor had finished his meal, and then he opened the door of a room leading from the kitchen, and lit a candle that stood on an upturned packing-case.

"You'll find a bed in there," he said. And without another word he took the lamp and went off up the stairs, yawning and scratching his tangled mass of hair.

Energy is not characteristic of Southern California, and it was eight o'clock when Enoc tumbled out of bed. Dressing took him exactly two minutes. He slipped on his trousers and shirt, put his feet into his boots, that were perfectly white with dust, and clattered down into the kitchen, yawning as if he had never rested his jaws all night.

"If that beggar's still here I'll set him some work to do," he thought to himself. But experience had taught him that the man, having gained what he wanted in the way of food, would probably have taken himself off by daybreak.

He was considerably surprised, therefore, to hear himself addressed through the half-closed door.

"I say, you haven't got a strop, have you?" said the voice.

"A what?" cried Enoc.

"A strop."

"What do you want a strop for?"

"To sharpen my razor. What do you think?" Enoc's jaw dropped.

"You're not going to shave, are you?" he asked, and his voice, full of astonishment, ridiculed the idea as impossible.

"That's it exactly," said the voice.

"You're a bit fanciful, aren't you?" said Enoc. "Perhaps you'd like some hot water to wash with?"

The stranger, who had only his trousers on, deposited an empty jug outside the door.

"Cold will do," he said. "There's none here at all."

Enoc filled the jug from the bucket and fetched his strop before he went out to feed the horses.

The sky had grown overcast during the night, and the rain which had threatened for some time was beginning to fall.

"Bad for the raisins, isn't it?" queried the stranger when Enoc came back with particles of hay sticking to his hair and hanging to all parts of his jersey.

"Bury them in the dirt probably," returned Enoc savagely. He scanned the boy's clean-looking face and neatly brushed hair disdainfully as he spoke, and he noticed that the other had put on a coat for breakfast.

"It's a pity my wife isn't here to see you," he said. "I'll give you board till she comes back if you'll do the chores," he added with a sudden inspiration.

"Indoor work or outdoor," said the stranger. "I don't mind which it is."

True to his word, he washed up after breakfast and swept the floor. Enoc, smok-

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ing his pipe, watched him curiously out of the corner of his eyes.

The rain, falling in bucketfuls, made it useless to think of working on the ranch.

"Do you play cards?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," said the stranger, "or chess; I don't mind which," and he pointed to a dusty board stored away on one of the beams that supported the ceiling.

Enoc stared at him in astonishment.

"You beat anything for a tramp," he said. He reached up for the chessboard, however, and dusted it against the edge of the table, and afterward went upstairs for the chessmen. It was some years since he had played, but there had been a time when his attack was strong, and it annoyed him to be beaten in the first twenty moves.

He set out the men a second time and refilled his pipe.

"Where did you learn to play?"

"At Oxford," said the boy.

Enoc sprang to his feet, upsetting the chessmen in all directions.

"Great heavens!" he cried; "you don't mean to say you're a 'Varsity man?"

"Don't look it, do I," said the stranger with a smile. "Any one would take odds against that. But I am. Only went down six years ago."

Enoc was leaning back in his chair taking long breaths.

"You don't remember A. J. Enoc, who stroked the 'Varsity eight that year, perhaps," he said.

"Knew him by sight, that's all," said the boy. "He was too much of a swell for me. Went in for Parliament in the end, didn't he?"

"No, fruit-farming," said Enoc.

The boy whistled.

"He was too good for that," he remarked, rolling himself a cigarette. "Had the manners of a prince, don't you know, and a prince's idea of living."

"Lives on mush and bacon now," said Enoc. He stooped down to gather up the fallen pieces, and when he straightened himself his face was flushed under the deep bronze of the skin. "Look here," he said, "I'm through with all that kind of thing now; but—well, I'm Enoc, do you see?"

They played chess all the morning, and smoked and talked over old times, and to both of them it was like a trip back to the old country.

"I can't tell you what it is to me to see a gentleman," said Enoc; "and to think that you nearly killed me last night—" He broke off with a laugh.

"I was dead in earnest," said the boy simply. "I was starving, and when a man's like that, it's food or death."

The mention of food reminded them of dinner. The stranger volunteered to do the cooking, and Enoc made an excuse to go upstairs. When he came down half an hour later, he was shaven and his shirt sleeves were turned down. It was his first concession.

Any one who had known Enoc before would have been surprised at the change that came over him during the days that followed. This stranger, linking him so curiously to his old associations, had pulled him up suddenly in his downward career. He had done for him in a few days more than all Mat's long-suffering, silent, self-sacrificing protests had done in a year.

In fact, it was just this self-sacrificing part of her nature which had made Enoc so bad as he had become.

"I don't know what it is," said Enoc frankly one day when he and his new friend were riding together to the post-office, "but somehow my wife's very goodness and sweetness annoy me, and make me behave like a brute. She's always trying to save me trouble and to forestall my wishes, and when she does this the devil in me gets uppermost, and I go out of my way to disappoint her. If she would only kick up a row sometimes and complain, I should be a different man. You've done me a heap of good since you've been here," he added impetuously.

His companion laughed rather sadly.

"Here we have one of the incongruities of life," he said, stooping forward and patting the neck of the mustang he was riding. "On one side, you with a wife

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who loves you too much; on the other, myself with a wife who loved me too little."

Enoc, though slightly behind, did not fail to notice the wistful tone in which this was spoken. His momentary wonder surprised him, however, into a remark that his better judgment would perhaps have omitted.

"So you are married," he said, twisting in his saddle as the Mexicans do, so that not only his face but his whole body was turned toward his companion.

It was evident that his friend regretted the remark which had rather obviously led up to this question.

He hesitated a moment. "Oh, well, there is no secret about it," he said. "She left me soon after we were married to join some man who had followed her from England. The courts granted a divorce—took her from me and gave her to him with a legal blessing."

A touch from his heel shook his mustang from a walk into its favorite lope. A bright-plumaged humming-bird flittered across the trail, and a butterfly, even larger than the bird and brighter in its coloring, sailed after it in lazy emulation.

Enoc was the first to break the silence that followed.

"And the man?" he asked.

The boy moved his hand to his hip pocket with a grim gesture which left no doubt as to its meaning.

"I have never met him; I do not even know his name—but some day we shall meet," he said.

A curious, questioning light lurked in Enoc's blue eyes.

"It may have been for the best," he remarked, still sitting with his knee upon the saddle. "Individual inclination cannot always be sacrificed for average principles. I am speaking generally, of course. You and I look at the subject from a different point of view. My own wife was married before I knew her."

"In that case I am sure it was for the best," replied the boy with a glance of frank admiration at the big athletic fellow beside him. "But brute as her husband may have been, he will carry a grudge against you to the grave."

"Or against her," said Enoc.

They had reached the post-office by this time, and the horses, accustomed to the journey, pulled up from their canter with their breasts against the high wooden platform that ran along the face of the building.

A number of buggies were hitched to the posts outside, and several men, sitting in their shirt-sleeves and smoking, hailed Enoc.

He went inside for the mail, and came out a moment later reading a telegram.

"My wife comes back to-morrow, Sunday," he said as he swung himself into the saddle. "She will be surprised to find I have taken a partner into the business in her absence."

"Mind, if she objects," answered the boy with a laugh, "the contract is cancelled on the spot."

It was an arrangement they had come to the previous night, and Enoc was overjoyed at having found some one at last to work with who appealed to him as none of his half-bred neighbors could.

"We must fix up the house a bit before she comes," said Enoc's partner.

The other laughed. He was thinking, in his curious way, what a good match this boy and Mat would have made. His thoughtfulness, his gentlemanly ways, the assertion of his natural instincts over his rough surroundings, filled Enoc with admiration.

"Honestly, before I met you," he said suddenly, "I believed it was impossible for any one to escape the contamination of rough clothes, rough food, rough living, and rough acquaintances."

"I see you have not forgiven Mr. Hobo for daring to shave," answered the boy with a comic gesture of despair. "I'm not fitted for anything better than Piccadilly, I know, but you needn't rub it into one."

But the change he had worked in Enoc was, for all that, extraordinary. The little home, too, had brightened under his touch. The bare patch in front of the house had

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been planted with flowers, the veranda had been painted, and the horses' harness had been cleaned for the first time in three months, though Enoc's mocking assertion that it would be dusty again in half an hour had proved his better knowledge of the country.

Enoc had wanted his partner to drive with him when he went to meet his wife the following morning, but to the proposition the boy refused to acquiesce.

"I want to try my new gun," he said, and after church he started off by himself over the foot-hills, though in truth he never opened the breech to admit a cartridge, and the big jack-rabbits raced away from under his feet in quite needless alarm.

The home-coming meant a great deal to Enoc and to Mat. Her short holiday had done her a world of good, and the recovery of her aunt had lifted a cloud from her mind. She noticed the change in Enoc at once—a change which was shown a little in the "store" clothes he had donned in respect for the day of the week, instead of the overalls that he usually wore on Sunday as much as on any other day. And Enoc, looking at her with new eyes, thought he had never seen Mat so pretty.

Indeed, there was no one, either man or woman, who could say anything against her on that score. Even the nigger porter, as he handed her down from the car on to the side of the railroad shaded with its long line of eucalyptus trees, raised his hat in genuine homage.

Her features were perfectly regular; her eyes big and of a deep violet, and her quick blood showed with a bright flush through her transparent skin at the momentary excitement of meeting her husband again. Yet it was her pretty lips that softened into the sunniest of smiles as she raised her face to Enoc to be kissed that made the quiet face more bewitching than did all the other features put together.

Enoc's arm was round her slim waist as they drove the short distance home beneath the shadow of the gum trees. A cry of delight broke from her at the sight of the garden with its hundred blossoms, that had sprung up as if by magic in the warm embrace of that nurturing soil, and it was then Enoc first told her of his new partnership and of the English boy who was to make his home with them.

"You mustn't flirt with him, sweetheart," he said with an affectionate pressure of his arm.

She raised her laughing lips to his, and then she smiled mischievously.

"But of course I shall," said she. "And what is the name of this wonderful partner you have found?" she added.

"Jim; that's all I know," said Enoc with a laugh. "But that would not be proper, of course, for you." And he kissed her again.

Supper was on the table before they heard the click of the garden gate, and Enoc went out to meet his friend.

"Come along, old fellow," he said. And then with sudden pride he bent toward him. "I have never seen her looking so well," he said.

They went in together, arm in arm.

"Mat," cried Enoc gayly, "let me present to you my partner."

The tall, girlish figure turned quickly as he spoke, and the pretty head bent forward with sparkling eyes full of delight and welcome.

And then of a sudden the color in her cheeks fled, and she put out her hand gropingly against the wall behind her.

Enoc felt his partner's arm withdraw from his; looked up in amazement, and perceived that the boy's face had changed to deathly white.

"Mat—Jim, what is the matter?" he cried.

Neither of them spoke.

"What is the matter?" he cried again.

Still neither of them heeded. They were staring at one another as if each had seen some unspeakable horror in the other's eyes. Staring, staring, staring, and Enoc, no longer bewildered, pressed his hands to his eyes as if to shut out the scene. For these two had been man and wife!

The atmosphere of the little kitchen had become stifling. Jim's left hand went to his collar, and he tore it outward like a

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man fighting a last fight for life. His other hand had fallen to his hip pocket; the hot, trembling fingers were fumbling in vain to enter. And then for the first time he looked at Enoc.

His own words of the previous day came back to him.

"He will carry a grudge against you to the grave."

And Enoc's answer:

"Or against *her*."

"Yes, against her," he repeated.

Mat was leaning against the wall, her head thrown back, her lips parted.

A flood of love and longing swept through him. With a bound he sprang forward, and, forgetful of everything, seized the slim form in his arms, and his hot lips fell upon hers.

"Mat!" he cried.

She smiled up at him faintly, so faintly that the muscles hardly seemed to move. And then with a jerk her head fell on one side, and her eyes sought Enoc's with a look of unutterable yearning—the last look that those eyes were to give on earth.

On his knees beside her Enoc had seized her hand, and his head, with its tangled mass of hair, fell forward on it with a sob which shook his big frame like a child's. The boy, still holding his precious burden, bent forward and touched him on the arm.

"Enoc," he said softly, "close her eyes; I cannot bear them longer."

But Enoc only shook his head.

"It is your right," he said.

Jim's hand stole out and fastened itself on Enoc's fingers.

"No, no," he cried.

A marvellous smile lit up Enoc's face. He put out his great, clumsy fingers, and reverently drew the silken lashes over the violet eyes that had smiled their last smile —to him.

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The First War Newspaper.

By Lieut. A. Meyer.

I think it is highly probable that most people fondly believe war newspapers and war cartoons to be a monopoly of—I had almost written the present century—the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They never made a bigger mistake. An equivalent to war newspapers and cartoons existed not only all through the eighteenth century, but as far back as the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth. It stands, of course, to reason that these were totally unlike the publications of to-day. They contained very little news, and much moralizing—written chiefly in verse; were roughly printed, and published in the form of pamphlets. But, as a glance at the accompanying illustrations, taken from a pamphlet published in 1610, will show, the cartoons were by no means lacking in power and artistic merit, however crude the technique, the printing, and the letterpress may have been. Indeed, some of the ideas, quaint as they doubtless are, and quaintly expressed, possess a certain significance and grandeur.

Examine the cartoon that has for motto "Resistite Fortes," and though at first it may seem to you rather obscure and ridiculous, when its meaning becomes plain you will acknowledge its ingenuity and power. The armed warrior holding a shield with the emblems of peace and good will on its surface is England—the strong and righteous man (England has changed her sex during the last few centuries), and, therefore, the man with many enemies. Fearlessly he faces the earth and the Prince of Evil—the latter with vehement trumpetings inciting the former to war.

The deliberately humorous cartoon is a production of comparatively modern times; you will look for it in vain in the pamphlets of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. People were evidently more serious-minded in those days; in any case, they objected to treating anything so deplorable as war in a facetious spirit. But if they were never deliberately humorous in their cartoons, they were unconsciously humorous at every turn; and what lover of jokes does not prize unconscious infinitely more than deliberate humor? The cartoon under the motto "Patere" is a fine example of unconscious funniness. It reproves pictorially the diplomatic hot-headedness of France over some trivial matter—a hot-headedness that nearly precipitated the country into war. The object of France's wrath—not England this time—maintained a dignified reserve, and conceded to its opponent's wishes in order to prevent a lamentable conflict. Such was the situation, and you must own that the artist, who is, mind you, in deadly earnest, has done it full justice. France, flaming with ire—actually flaming from all parts of his body—is about to make a furious assault upon his peace-loving enemy, who, armed with a pair of bellows, is blowing cool air into the burning Gallic counte-

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TWO WARRING NATIONS SEEK PEACE IN THE NICK OF TIME, FOR THE SUN IS ALREADY SETTING BEHIND THE HILLS.

nance. The artist seemingly failed to take into consideration the fact that the peacemaker's action is rather equivocal. Bellows, he apparently forgot, are commonly used for a somewhat different purpose than putting out flames.

Equally delightful is the cartoon that illustrates a portion of the sententious and well-known verse, "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." I am not in a position to state what the exact circumstances were that inspired our cartoonist. Two nations had evidently come to loggerheads over something or other, and had determined to fight it out. Wisely they repented at the last moment, and rushed into each other's arms, waving olive branches. The swords have been flung away, but only in the nick of time, for behold in the right-hand corner the sun disappearing behind the hills.

But if the early cartoonists were lacking in humor of deliberate nature,

A REBUKE TO FRANCE: HER PEACE-LOVING OPPONENT, ARMED WITH A PAIR OF BELLOWS, BLOWS COOL AIR INTO THE BURNING GALLIC COUNTENANCE.

FRANCE: AFTER THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

they were occasionally great hands at the production of impressive and tragic pictures. It would be hard to beat in this respect the cartoon which depicts the awful effect of defeat on a nation, especially when the war that brought it about has been caused by the defeated. Amid the ruins of his country he lies, thrusting a sword into his own heart. The cartoon is directly applicable to the greatest war of modern times — the Franco-Prussian War. That appalling conflict was almost entirely due to the arrogance and pugnacity of La Belle

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France, and how she paid for her sins is a matter of history. If she did not precisely kill herself, she brought herself to such a pass that it needed a very wise prophet to foresee her eventual recovery. To-day she seems strangely desirous of experiencing over again her adventures of 1870.

The cartoon representing a crowned heart in a hand that issues from the clouds is meant to emphasize the fact that, however mighty a monarch, he, no less than his humblest subject, is absolutely in God's hand. Certainly this was a very necessary reminder in the day when the cartoon made its appearance; kings and princes did pretty well whatever they chose, and what they chose to do was not likely to augment their chances of salvation. To-day things are happily changed for the better, and if kings and princes make fools of themselves they are criticised and scolded in cartoons very much more virulent than the present one.

A REMARKABLE CARTOON: THE MONARCH, WITH THE WORLD RUTHLESSLY DRAGGED AT HIS HORSE'S TAIL, NEVERTHELESS HAS DEATH AS A PASSENGER.

A GRIM REPROOF: THE CROWNED HEART IS SHOWN IN THE HAND OF GOD.

A remarkable, if slightly grotesque, cartoon is that which depicts a monarch mounted on a steed and dragging the earth after him. The earth is shown between the leaves of a press, and very much flattened. Armed with a sword, and blowing a trumpet, Death leers ominously toward the tyrant. The explanation of this picture is obvious enough: it is very similar to the last-mentioned, but far and away more powerful. The monarch is a sort of Napoleon—one who has crushed the earth, and is, moreover, ill-treating the conquered. Death is reminding him that, victor though he be, he is by no means exempt from the stern and universal law of nature.

ANOTHER EARLY CARTOON: THE ARMED WARRIOR IS ENGLAND, WHO FACES THE HOSTILE WORLD, WHICH THE PRINCE OF EVIL WITH HIS TRUMPET IS INCITING TO WAR.

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A DANGEROUS SECTION.

HOW RAILWAYS ARE MADE SAFE.

By Earl W. Mayo.

The question of speed in railway travel reduces itself to a question of safety. It is easy enough to steam sixty or seventy or eighty miles an hour, but no railway maintains even the lowest of these rates for its average trains. And why not? The reason is that such a rate, under ordinary operating conditions, transcends the limits of safety. If the improvement in track equipment and safeguarding appliances had kept pace with the advance in engine building, our fast trains might now travel at the rate of a hundred miles an hour instead of the comparative snail's pace of forty or fifty or even sixty.

This may not be the opinion of the average person who has been led to believe that the "lightning" express of today runs as fast as engine wheels can be made to turn, but among railway men it is a commonplace. With the most improved conditions of roadbed and track equipment, and for short distances over lines especially guarded for the occasion, runs of much more than a hundred miles an hour have been made. The record in this respect is claimed by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. According to trustworthy witnesses a run of something over two miles was made in 1899 over a portion of this road in the State of Illinois at the tremendous speed of 130 miles an hour.

While this is the extreme limit of speed performance recorded for any locomotive thus far, it is safe to assume that a speed of ninety or a hundred miles an hour is not at all impossible so far as the engine is concerned. Since this is the fact, it is reasonable to expect that the development of the railway in the immediate future will be in the direction of increased safety

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GIANT SIGNALS AT A DANGEROUS CORNER.

rather than greater engine power. This holds true especially of American roads, where the great advance for the next twenty-five years will be undoubtedly in the direction of improved roadbeds, better guarded tracks, and less dangerous crossings.

This statement applies not merely to the future. In the past every great advance in speed has been due in large measure to one or another improvement in the methods of controlling and regulating trains. The more perfect means of control carried by the train itself, and the more perfect the regulation exercised over it from outside, the higher the rate of speed possible to be obtained.

In this respect the railway differs from other means of travel. A railway train is inflexible; it cannot turn aside for obstructions. While going at full speed it must still be held in leash so that it may be stopped quickly. Every railway official knows that under prevailing conditions of traffic it would be murder to turn loose a train at even thirty miles an hour without special appliances for bringing it to a stop, or without means of regulating its movements in relation to other trains along the same line.

While the number of devices providing in one way or another for the safety of trains is legion, there are three great inventions without which railway traffic as conducted to-day would be absolutely impossible. In the order of their adoption they are the electric telegraph, the air-brake, and the block signal.

The first applies to entire systems, regulating and directing the movements of traffic; the second applies to individual trains, enabling them to be brought from full speed to a complete stand still within relatively short distances; the third applies to the roadway, and prevents trains from encroaching upon one another's territory. The first two are settled institutions. They are in use practically wherever railways are to be found. The third is no less important, but is not yet so generally adopted. While most of the English railways are equipped with some form of automatic signals, relatively few American roads are provided with them except in regions of the most congested traffic.

In the earliest days of railway travel the safeguarding of the line was a simple matter. Trains were few and far between, and they travelled scarcely faster than the stage-coaches which they displaced. Each train then was preceded by a man on horseback, who was able to give abundant warning to persons upon the track or to the engine-driver himself.

As the number of trains multiplied and the rate of speed increased, this primitive method became impossible. It was succeeded by the plan of dividing the road into sections and posting men at the boundaries of each section to direct the movements of passing trains by means of a simple code of signals.

The difficulty with this system was the lack of cohesion between the different sections. A block at any point paralyzed the traffic of the whole line. If a breakdown occurred between the signal points, there

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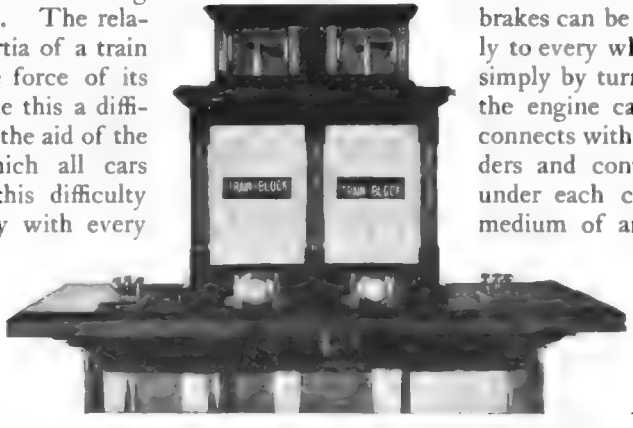
was no way to warn oncoming trains. To make this system at all effective required the employment of a great number of men.

In the days of the old Hudson River road between New York and Albany, the entire distance of 120 miles was picketed with flagmen stationed within sight of one another. The same system was employed on some of the English lines. These men signalled to one another with flags by day and lanterns by night in such a manner that there was always one flagman between two trains. This was practically a human block system, and represented the highest development of railway safeguarding before the incoming of automatic devices.

The appearance of the telegraph worked the first great change in the management of railway traffic. With its introduction it became possible to know at the termini of the road the exact situation of traffic all along the line. Signals could be sent quickly from one station to another, so that trains need not leave one point until the way was clear to the next.

But the telegraph also had its limitations. It could not give warning of breakdowns between stations or of unforeseen obstructions upon the tracks. To guard against disaster from these dangers, it was necessary that each train should carry within itself the means of coming quickly to a stop. The relatively slight inertia of a train compared to the force of its momentum made this a difficult matter with the aid of the hand-brakes which all cars carried. And this difficulty increased rapidly with every increase in speed. A train of twenty cars running at twenty miles an hour required five hundred feet of space in which to come to a stop. But at forty miles an hour the same train required three times this distance.



THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE USED IN ALL MODERN SWITCH-BOXES.

To overcome this bar to progress, genius created the air-brake, which, judged from its results in saving lives and property, may be ranked as one of the great inventions of the century.

Although the air-brake is in such general use, there are few of the millions of persons who travel every year upon railways who understand exactly the principle and method of its action.

Two features of the air-brake give it great importance as a safety device. In the first place, it is automatic. Its efficiency does not depend upon the presence of brakemen on the car platforms as was the case with the old-style hand-brake.

Each car carries a reservoir containing compressed air. Most readers probably have seen these reservoirs—long, cylindrical steel tubes, beneath the flooring of the cars. From the reservoir a short pipe conducts the air to the brake cylinder in which the ends of the rods controlling the brakes move back and forth as pistons. When air is admitted to the brake cylinder, these pistons are driven out and force the brake shoes against the eight wheels of the car simultaneously and with a force greater than the arms even of the brawniest brakeman could exert.

The second important feature of the air-brake is that it is continuous. When the train is connected up, the brakes can be applied instantly to every wheel of every car simply by turning a valve in the engine cab. This valve connects with the brake cylinders and controls the brakes under each car through the medium of an air hose extending underneath the train. Through this hose the reservoirs of the individual cars are filled from a pump upon the locomotive, and through it the brakes are operated from the locomotive's cab.

The device by which this control is

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secured is located at the junction of the air-tube with the pipe from each separate reservoir. It is called the "triple valve," and contains three openings, through which the flow of air is directed in any of three directions—to the reservoirs, the brakes, or the outer air.

The movements of the triple valve are governed by a small piston inside the train pipe. The piston moves forward or back accordingly as the pressure is greater on one side or the other. Ordinarily it is set at an even pressure between the pipe and the reservoir. But if the engine driver wishes to halt the train, he opens a cock which allows a little of the air in the pipe to escape, and so reduces the pressure. Immediately the valve moves over, establishing a connection between the reservoir and the brake cylinder, and setting the brakes.

To release the brakes, air is forced into the train pipe from the engine pump, forcing the valves to a new position, opening a passageway from the brake cylinder to the outer air, and permitting the pistons to move back to their former positions.

With the use of the air-brake a train of a dozen cars moving fifty miles an hour can be stopped within a distance of about three hundred feet. With hand-brakes, the same train could not be stopped under two thousand feet, or practically two-fifths of a mile, a distance too great to be of service in enabling the engine driver to avoid any obstruction that he might see before him.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the pressure which will operate to stop the train is always in force; being only held off from bringing the train to a standstill at any moment by a mechanical device.

The fact that the brakes are applied by a reduction of the pressure in the train pipe is of importance, for it enables the air-brake to do away with the cause of the many serious accidents which formerly resulted from the breaking in two of trains. The breaking of trains was a very dangerous occurrence and the cause of many fatal accidents, especially on heavy grades, as the end detached from the locomotive was almost certain to become unmanageable. But with the air-brake in use the severing of connection at any point immediately sets the brakes and brings the entire train to a halt. The adoption of the air-brake has been attended by a steady decrease in the number of accidents, and it is generally recognized as the most important life-saving device ever applied to railways.

Although of more recent adoption than the telegraph or the air-brake, the block signal system really antedates both. Apparently the first application of the principle was made by Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, in 1843, at the Bricklayer's Arms Station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. This early device was simply an arrangement by which the fixed signals of the line were operated from a single frame, so that when the main line in either direction was signalled "Open," the movement of the lever necessary to give this signal locked all branch lines and switches.

The next step in advance was to provide an apparatus in which the interlocking lines were locked before the signal of "Clear line ahead" could be given. From that point to the present seemingly perfect system has been a gradual advance, which step by step has made the mechanism more and more complete.

At the present time ninety-five per cent. of the English lines are equipped with some system of automatic signalling. In America not more than ten per cent. of the roads are thus equipped. It is a fact, however, that on account of the more recent installation of the American systems it is in the United States that the perfection of automatic signalling is to be found. The New York Central Railway has recently installed a system along the whole of its line from New York to Buffalo which is perhaps the most thorough one in existence. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railways run the fastest long-distance trains of all American roads, and they are undoubtedly the best equipped in roadway and signal systems.

The system in use on the New York Central is a combination of the lock and

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block systems. That is to say, while it locks the signals for connecting lines of track in such a way that before one line is signalled open the others must necessarily be closed, it combines with this the feature of blocking the track so that an intermediate space is always left clear between two trains running in the same direction along a single line of track. By this

A B C D E

station. Suppose that a train starts from A, the line being clear. While the train is between A and B, of course the line is blocked at A. But this block is not released when the train passes B. Not until the first train passes C is A released, and a second train permitted to leave A.

TESTING A NEW BRIDGE.

arrangement rear end collisions are rendered impossible.

The practical working of the system is as follows :

The whole line is divided into sections, or blocks, with signal stations controlling each block. On the Central these stations are about a mile apart. Assuming the line above to represent a section of the road, each letter will stand for a signal

Similarly, while the first train is between D and E a second train may be running between B and C, but it cannot enter C—D until its predecessor has left E. In other words, there is always a clear interval between two trains on the same track. As the Central has four tracks, of course trains never run in opposite directions on a single pair of rails.

The block is maintained by each train

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SNOW-SHED USED ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD TO PROTECT TRAINS FROM AVALANCHES.

as it passes over the track, and is not released from the signal towers, but from the track itself. A current of electricity is passed through the rails, and when a train enters upon any section, the train itself, through its wheels and axles, completes a circuit which holds the block. If a train breaks down or is brought to a standstill, if a car or even an axle and a pair of wheels is left standing on the track, the line behind is blocked, and the signals cannot be released until the section is absolutely clear, and the circuit therefore broken. There is no doubt that this is the most effective way of preventing rear-end collisions, the most disastrous kind that occur, and, in fact, the only kind that can occur on a road equipped with multiple tracks.

This device, it will be seen, does not do away with the human operator, but it does away with human fallibility. It is impossible for a careless operator to send a train upon a section already occupied, because he has nothing to do with releasing the signals, and until one set of levers is released, he cannot set other ones.

The interlocking device which works in conjunction with the blocking system described is intended to prevent accidents from open switches or cross tracks leading off from a main line. All the levers controlling the movements of connected tracks along a certain section are set in one frame at the signal tower.

By an arrangement of connecting bars working in grooves these levers are united so that the preliminary raising of the catch handle, which must take place before any lever can be moved, automatically locks all the other levers, so that they cannot be moved until the first one has been returned to its former position. In other words, before any one switch leading from a track can be opened all the other switches connecting with that track must be closed. By this device the vast amount of traffic entering and leaving every great station of America or England is handled rapidly and without accident.

The tower from which the traffic entering and leaving the Grand Central Station in New York city is directed, is located just outside the station itself, and its 108 levers control more than eighty tracks within the station and the yards.

It may be asked how, with this careful regulation of all train movements, it is possible that accidents still occur. There is no denying that they do occur occasionally, even on the best regulated system, as well as in the best regulated families. But on lines guarded as those we have described, accidents from collision are practically done away with. Of course, no system of signalling can give notice of accidents to the roadway itself. The tracks may be un-

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THE INTERIOR OF A SNOW-SHED.

dermined by floods, or a train may be derailed by the giving way of imperfectly secured rails, or by the breaking of imperfect axles or flanges on car wheels. Tracks are sometimes blocked by obstructions of which no possible system could give warning. It is to guard against these various dangers that the railways employ armies of workmen to keep the tracks constantly in repair, of inspectors to examine the condition of rails and roadbed several times each day, and of expert mechanics who test the wheels of trains at every important station. It is perfectly certain that if all lines of railway were protected in accordance with the latest improved methods, the number of fatal accidents would be reduced fully one-half.

On American railways, at least, the most fruitful source of accidents is the unguarded crossing. Highways lead across the rails at the level instead of being carried above or below the railway tracks, as they should be, and many of these crossings are left totally unguarded. Likewise at many stations, passengers are permitted to cross the tracks where trains are frequently passing, and in some cases they find it necessary to do so.

On the roads which do not have the automatic signal system, the movement of trains is managed by means of the telegraph. At each station the train officials receive their orders from the despatcher's office, where the positions of all trains on the line are constantly recorded. On most lines the rule is in force that these orders must be correctly repeated back to the central office before the trains can proceed. This precaution is supplemented by the provision that whenever a train stops on the open line, a flagman must go back a distance of a quarter of a mile in order to halt all oncoming trains. Laxity in carrying out the latter rule has resulted in many serious accidents.

The train despatcher's office is the brain cell of the system. There is one at the headquarters of each division of the road. Here, on a big chart, is reproduced the position of every train on the line. Not an engine or car can be moved from one station to another except on orders from the despatcher's office. In the office itself the operators sit silent and attentive before the train sheets, their fingers playing busily upon clicking telegraph instruments. The chief despatcher is an important official. His brain must be a miniature reproduction of the line over which he holds sway. He must know the trains, the grades, the probable causes of delay, perfectly. He must keep the trains moving as nearly on schedule time as possible. And yet if an accident occurs from an attempt at undue haste, the responsibility is on his shoulders. It is a most trying and important position.

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No better testimony to the efficiency individually and as a class of the train despatcher could be given than the fact that not one accident in twenty of those that do occur is traceable to a mistake or a piece of carelessness on the part of the officials engaged in this department.

On all single-track roads, in addition to the safeguard afforded by the telegraph, the time allowance system is in force. This is simply a rule that no train shall be allowed to depart from a station until the next preceding train has been gone for a certain number of minutes. This is to prevent the second train from crashing into the leading one should that one be compelled for any reason to slow down or to stop.

As supplementary to these devices a complete system of signalling by colored flags or lanterns is in force. In all railway operations, white is recognized as the color of safety, red as the color of danger, and green as the color of caution. Thus a red flag or a red light displayed at any point along a line is a command to engineers to stop. A white signal says "Go ahead," and a green signal may be interpreted as "Slow up; keep your train well in hand and be prepared to stop quickly." The green is displayed usually at the approaches of stations or yards, or when another train is close in front. In England the green lamp means safety.

Green, red, and white lights are used almost universally for signalling purposes on the various railroad systems of the world, as well as at sea, for this reason, that these three colors can be seen from a greater distance than any others at night time or when the atmosphere is obscure, and at the same time no other three colors are so easily distinguished one from another. Where a fourth light is needed, a purple light is generally employed.

In addition to the system of signalling by means of flags and lanterns, there is a complete code of whistle signals. For example, on trains not equipped with the air-brake, one long whistle from the engine is a direction to the trainmen to set the hand-brakes with which all cars are provided. Two whistles indicate that the brakes are to be released, and three denote that the train is about to back up. Similarly, if two trains approach on lines which cross each other, and which are not protected by automatic devices, the engineer who has the right of way must whistle his intention to proceed, and must receive an answering signal indicating that the other engineer understands his purpose before he is permitted to advance.

A succession of brief whistles is an indication of danger ahead, and is given when the engineer sights an obstruction on the track, or when a stray cow wanders upon the line.

Another device that is useful in giving warning to engineers at points unprovided with fixed signals, or in case of fogs which obscure such signals, is the torpedo. The torpedo is simply a small disk, filled with detonating powder and placed upon the rail, where it explodes with a loud report when struck by a wheel. A single explosion is a warning to the engineer to proceed cautiously; a double explosion directs him to bring his train to a stop. In the movement of trains in and out of the city of London, where fogs very frequently prevail, torpedoes are of the greatest service.

One railway device that has increased the safety of passengers is the "vestibule," which connects coaches by a closely fitting covered hood over the platforms. Not only does the vestibule prevent passengers from being blown off or thrown off when passing from one coach to another, but it prevents the "telescoping" of cars in collisions. Where the coaches are loosely coupled, the effect of a collision is usually to raise one platform above another, and to send the raised coach crashing through the one preceding it. The vestibule, by providing a solid and closely fitting connection between the coaches, serves to prevent this peculiarly disastrous form of accident.

The exigencies of railway construction in America have led to some peculiar developments in the way of safety devices. One of these, shown in an accompanying illustration, has been applied to very steep grades. At such points, especially where

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heavy trains are run, there is sometimes danger of losing control of the train. The illustration, taken at a point on the Canadian Pacific, shows how this is guarded against. At this point the grade is very sharp, and there is also a difficult curve down the mountain-side. Accordingly a watchman is always on duty in the flag-station, and the blind switch leading up a steep incline, as shown in the view, is always open. On approaching the spot, the locomotive must signal with four whistles before the flagman will throw open the main line to the train.

The device is simple but effective. In case the engine loses control of the train, the driver need only neglect to give the signal on approaching the switch, and the train will be brought up short on the steep incline. It is customary for particularly difficult points, such as abrupt curves, to be constantly guarded. Thus there has been erected a special signal tower at the great Horseshoe Curve on the Pennsylvania. It is constructed of stone, very solidly, and is a station of much importance, engineers being required to stop there unless proper go-ahead signals are displayed.

SWITCH-BACK ON A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

In the northwest, along the roads that cross the Rocky Mountains, one great source of danger is the snow, and particularly snow-slides down the steep mountain sides. To guard against this, in some places the track is completely roofed over for miles; while in spots that are particularly dangerous, great deflectors have been built to turn aside the avalanches that now and then rush down the steep mountain slopes. One of these snow-slides striking a train in motion would sweep it from the track and wreck it completely.

There is no other business of general public interest in which such effort is exerted to secure perfect safety for patrons as is done on the railway systems. Twice each day, and in some cases more often still, men patrol every foot of the track looking for irregularities, for injuries to the roadbed, for drawn spikes or misplaced rails. Men in gangs are always at work grading and filling, replacing defective ties, and maintaining a perfect level. At every important crossing stands a flagman to keep clear the way before approaching trains. In every station inspectors run about tapping wheels and examining couplings. Every movement is watched, every step is carefully guarded.

There is room for much improvement in our railways—in the abolition of highway crossings and the crossings of railway lines at the level, in improving safety appliances, and in securing their adoption; in providing laws which shall define exactly the rights of railway and other traffic. No person will acknowledge this more readily than the intelligent railway man. But in spite of all that remains to be done, statistics prove that so far as safety is concerned, railway travel compares favorably with most other occupations.

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By
W. Alexander Ross.

I.

Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees of Chicago were breakfasting in the *salle-à-manger* at the Hotel Victoria. They had been in London four days.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees in his usual slow nasal drawl, as he put down the newspaper which his wife had just passed him, "but the blamed thing will cost a pile of dollars."

Mrs. Crole-Rees, a vivacious little brunette on the sunny side of forty, stirred her coffee vigorously.

"And why not? That De Lisle pink pearl has the biggest history of any pearl on the face of the earth."

"M'yes," assented Mr. Crole-Rees dubiously; and then he added in a tone that was not dubious, "and the biggest price."

"That's so. And we are the people who can pay the biggest price. The chance to acquire that pink pearl is the chance of the century."

"M'yes," put in the man discouragingly.

"The chance of this century," persisted the lady; "and it will give me the reputation of owning the finest set of pink pearls in the universe."

"M'yes. But——"

"The finest set of pink pearls in the universe," reiterated the lady. "You read what the newspaper people said?"

Mr. Crole-Rees opened his mouth to say he had; but he saw that his wife was opening out the newspaper, so, like a wise man, he held his peace.

"See here, now," she said, "what they say. 'The De Lisle pink pearl, which is about to be put up for sale in a London auction-room, has a record which gives it a unique position among the historical jewels of the world. The largest known specimen of the pink pearl, its pedigree goes back into the misty depths of a remote antiquity. Possibly the tradition which ascribes the possession of this priceless pearl at one period of its history to Cleopatra is not sufficiently supported by evidence to justify its complete acceptance; but the authenticity of the record of its connection with the most splendid period of Venetian history and some of the most dramatic tragedies that were enacted in the city of the Grand Doges is undoubted, as is that of its brief and

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famous connection with the famous Medici family, through whom it came into France, and subsequently into the hands of the De Lisles, the last of whom was among the victims of the guillotine. Among all the weird and lurid episodes of the Reign of Terror, there is none, perhaps, more strange than that in which the pearl was picked out of the basket at the foot of the guillotine—whither it had fallen with the head of the Comte De Lisle, who had carried it as the talisman of his family—and held aloft, its delicate hue stained and darkened with the life-blood of the Comte, while the crowd danced the Carmagnole.'"

Mrs. Crole-Rees stopped, out of breath, and shot a glance of triumphant inquiry at her husband.

"M'yes," he drawled. "I guess I've read all that."

"Well?" queried the lady sharply.

"And I guess I've read the next paragraph too, which, judging from your remarks, you have not."

The lady turned her attention to the paper in a hurry.

"If she is not just the meanest woman alive!" she exclaimed when she had finished reading.

"M'yes. Nellie Jowle-Jones can make a record in that particular line when she feels like it."

"She shall not have the De Lisle pink pearl! I'll buy it against her if it costs you every dollar you own!"

Having given utterance to this comforting assurance, Mrs. Crole-Rees rose from the table and swept out of the room like a minor whirlwind. Mr. Crole-Rees watched her thoughtfully while he gnawed at the end of a toothpick. He shook his head slowly.

"She will, too," he mused sadly; and, sticking a cigar between his lips, he got up and stalked out of the room, chewing the end steadily.

The paragraph which had so excited Mrs. Crole-Rees's wrath was one stating that among the passengers arrived the previous day by the *Germanic* was Mrs. Jowle-Jones, the wealthy Chicago widow, whose collection of pearls was almost the finest in the world, and who, it was said, had come to England specially to purchase the De Lisle pearl.

There had always been keen rivalry between Mrs. Crole-Rees and Mrs. Jowle-Jones from their youth up. When Mrs. Crole-Rees married the wealthy pork-packer who made her Mrs. Crole-Rees, the other woman immediately became Mrs.

MRS. CROLE-REES SWEPT OUT OF THE ROOM LIKE A MINOR WHIRLWIND.

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"M'YES," SAID MR. CROLE-REES, "WE HAVE STRUCK A DEAL AT JUST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Jowle-Jones, with a still wealthier pork-packer for a spouse, and a brisk competition had set in between the two. It had been pretty even running until Mrs. Jowle-Jones went to the funeral of Mr. Jowle-Jones, and started starring as a wealthy widow. The other woman could not forgive her that widowhood, and hence it came that, when the widow started to make a record collection of pink pearls, Mrs. Crole-Rees at once went into the same line of business. She had been pretty lucky so far, and was congratulating herself that the widow had not got wind of the coming of the De Lisle jewel into the market, when, just a week before the auction, the arrival of the widow on a similar mission was announced with a flourish of newspaper trumpets.

II.

BIDDING for the De Lisle pearl had begun. The auction-room was crowded, and the auctioneer was rattling along with marvellously picturesque fluency on the uniqueness of the pearl and its extraordinary wealth of historical associations.

Mrs. Crole-Rees had been one of the earliest arrivals, but she had not so far come into the bidding. She seemed curiously elated, and yet there was a touch of anxiety in her elation.

Mrs. Jowle-Jones was not present. Mr. Crole-Rees, when she drew his attention to the fact, laconically remarked that she was probably bidding through an agent. As the bids mounted up and up till they neared £20,000, Mr. Crole-Rees chewed harder and harder at the unlighted cigar he held between his teeth.

"Nineteen thousand pounds are offered for this pearl of pearls; for the centre—the epitome—of half the romance of ancient and modern history. Ladies and gentlemen, this price is absurdly low for the favorite jewel of Cleopatra—the pearl that Cæsar coveted and Antony admired."

Then Mrs. Crole-Rees came into the bidding.

"Twenty thousand pounds," she cried, in her clear, high-pitched voice.

"Twenty thousand pounds," echoed the man in the rostrum, and took up his parable again, while all eyes turned to the corner of the room where the latest bidder stood.

"One hundred thousand dollars," muttered Mr. Crole-Rees ruefully. He was fairly eating his cigar now.

The seconds slipped by, but no advance on the £20,000 bid was offered. A flush of triumph began to suffuse Mrs. Crole-Rees's face.

"For the second time, twenty thousand pounds," said the auctioneer.

Mrs. Crole-Rees looked round with feverish anxiousness. The man in the rostrum romanced and cajoled. But still there was no advance.

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"For the third and last time, twenty thousand pounds. The pearl of pearls going for a mere bagatelle. Is the age of chivalry dead?"

Mr. Crole-Rees sighed as he thought of the many thousands of hogs that were being offered up as a sacrifice by his wife to obtain that pearl, and swallowed the juice of his semi-masticated cigar in big gulps. His wife could hardly breathe as she waited the end.

The ivory hammer came down with a sharp rap at last. It rang through the silent room with startling distinctness, and the De Lisle pink pearl was the property of Mrs. Crole-Rees. But before the buzz of voices had time to begin, the doors of the auction-room were violently thrust open, and Mrs. Jowle-Jones burst breathlessly in. Her hat was awry, and her dress was torn and dusty.

"Am I in time?" she panted. Then as the truth dawned on her she pushed her way over to Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees. "You have bought it?" she demanded.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees. "We have struck a deal at just $100,000."

"You wouldn't have had it for $200,000 if the horses hadn't bolted with my carriage and made me late," was all she said in reply.

Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed derisively as the widow turned away. Something in that laugh of his wife's struck Mr. Crole-Rees. He shot a keen glance at her, and then a sudden light dawned on him. The remnant of his cigar dropped to the ground.

"Great Jehoshophat!" he ejaculated, "that was a smart trick!"

III.

THE next few days were not happy days for the husband of the owner of the pink pearl. Their rooms at the Hotel Victoria were invaded by crowds of people who came to view the pearl. All day long two detectives were on duty, and at night the jewel reposed in a safe in the bedroom. Mrs. Crole-Rees took the key to bed with her.

On the afternoon of the third day, Mr. Crole-Rees was stalking abstractedly along Wardour Street, smoking his inevitable green cigar. He was mourning the $100,000 sunk in the pink pearl, and anathematizing the day his wife ever started as a pearl collector. He was sick of the pearl. It was pink pearl everywhere. If a compatriot met him, he talked pink pearl. If he picked up a newspaper, a pink pearl paragraph hit him in the face. In the stilly watches of the night his pearl-proud wife woke him up to retail to him some fresh legend regarding its history which had been imparted to her during the day. His letters reeked of it. People he had never heard of wrote to him by the thousand. He had had ten pink-pearl waltzes sent to him by talented but impecunious composers, with gentle suggestions that he should acknowledge the compliment of the dedication by taking a hundred copies at full published price. Agents from all the safe-makers in the universe found their way to the Hotel Victoria, while the number of the insurance men was as the sand of the sea. In brief, as he remarked to a friend long after, he had a "pink and purple time of it."

In the streets alone could he find peace. That was why he had walked about London for three days. He had nearly reached the end of Wardour Street, when he noticed a little knot of people looking into a shop window on the other side. He stalked across.

The centre of interest was a shabby jewel case, which had above it a card with the following inscription:

A PERFECT REPLICA OF THE £20,000
DE LISLE PINK PEARL
Modelled at the request of
NAPOLEON THE III.
FOR THE FIRST PARIS EXHIBITION.

What Mr. Crole-Rees said when he caught sight of the inscription does not matter. It was only one word, but it made a curate who was in the crowd cough deprecatingly and hurry away.

Mr. Crole-Rees stood looking at the counterfeit of his wife's pearl for a long time, thinking thoughts that were lurid.

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Suddenly he was smitten with a great idea, and the next moment he was in the shop. When he left, the replica of the pink pearl was missing from the shop window, and he was smoking with more real enjoyment than had been his for many days.

The interest he took in the real pearl when he got back to the Hotel Victoria was amazing. He looked it over again and again. He took it over to the light, where, as his back was turned to his wife, he could, unobserved, compare it with the replica he had purchased in Wardour Street. Presently he put the case down, and sat tugging at his door-knocker beard with an air of preternatural suspicion.

"I HAVE HEARD OF HONORABLES WHO HAVE SUFFERED FROM KLEPTOMANIA," DRAWLED MR. CROLE-REES.

"Say," he remarked to his wife at length, "there has been a darned lot of people to see this $100,000 pearl."

"All the best people in London have been, and the Jowle-Jones widow is just mad about it."

"M'yes," drawled her husband, still tugging at his beard. "I guess she would be a considerable trifle madder if she knew that you bribed the coachman to make the horses run away with her carriage on the morning of the sale."

Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed pleasantly at the recollection, while her husband continued tugging at his beard.

"It was smart," he said presently, "but it was mean. Say, now, do you know who all these people are who have been here hanging around the pearl?"

She reached for a basket heaped with visiting cards.

"There!" she said.

He picked up a handful of them and spread them out on the table.

"M'yes—they are kind of imposing," he said slowly. "I suppose they have handled the pearl?"

"Why, certainly!"

"M'yes," drawled Mr. Crole-Rees as he continued turning the cards over, "the honorables and the earls and the countesses and the counts and the dowagers have been hanging around the pearl pretty considerably. I have heard of honorables who have suffered from kleptomania."

"Kleptomania!" echoed the lady in bewilderment.

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"M'yes, kleptomania—powerful bad, some of them."

He picked up the pearl, and, placing it on the palm of his hand, held it towards his wife. "It seems to me," he went on impressively, "that there is something queer about this—something I don't recognize."

She snatched up the pearl and held it close to the light. There was no mistaking the meaning of her husband's remark. The first glance seemed to reassure her, but as she looked closer her heart began to sink. There was something strange, something indefinable, about the pearl she held in her hand which it had not seemed to possess before. She dropped into a chair with a gasp of despair.

"Do you think—" she faltered.

Mr. Crole-Rees did not reply for a few seconds, but went on turning over the pile of visiting cards.

"I do that! One hundred thousand dollars is a blamed tall price for this collection of aristocratic visiting cards."

"It can't be true," cried Mrs. Crole-Rees desperately, as she held the pearl close to the light again. "It would be no use to anybody—no value to anyone—they can't sell it—they might just as well try to sell the Koh-i-Noor."

"Perhaps not," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees dryly. "Perhaps they don't want to. Seems to me that, according to the history of that blamed pearl, a very considerable number of people who didn't want to sell it have frozen on to it at different times without the consent of the owner."

She put the pearl down, convinced of the unpleasant truth that history had repeated itself in her own case.

"What's to be done? We must send for the police!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Crole-Rees shook his head emphatically.

"I guess not. We shall be the laughing stock of the world if this gets around. I guess we will just sit tight for the time. The man who has got the pearl can't open his mouth."

"I calculate," mused Mr. Crole-Rees, when his wife had gone tearfully to bed, and he had betaken himself to the smoking-room for comfort, "I calculate that there ought to be a clear $10,000 profit on this deal and an end to the pearl-collecting craze of Mrs. Hiram Crole-Rees. It's about time she tried some cheaper amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones had not long finished breakfast. She was feeling very sore over missing the De Lisle pink pearl. She had meant what she said in the auction-room about the other woman not having it for $200,000. She had sent two dealers to the other woman to try and tempt her with a big price to sell, but the dealers had got more than a decided refusal. She was ruminating rather bitterly on her ill-success when a card was brought with the intimation that its owner wanted to see her on urgent business. It was unconscionably early for a caller, but the Chicago widow was not a woman of conventions, and, moreover, she knew that she looked charming in her dainty morning wrapper. So she consented to receive him.

A few moments later Mr. Crole-Rees was ushered in, and greeted with flattering cordiality. He was even told that he might smoke one of his favorite green cigars.

"M'yes," he said, presently, "making a record collection of jewels is a pretty expensive amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones smiled archly.

"For you, I don't say," he continued, with a deprecatory wave of his cigar. "You see, it's my dollars that Mrs. Crole-Rees is spending, and that affects me personally. But it don't particularly matter to the late Mr. Jowle-Jones what Mrs. Jowle-Jones is doing with the pile he left, dollars being of no particular account in the place where he has gone."

The widow accepted this delicate reference to her late husband with equanimity, and waited patiently while Mr. Crole-Rees smoked hard in preparation for continuing his speech.

"Now this De Lisle pink pearl has cost me $100,000, and the blamed thing has a blood-stained history; there's enough murder and sudden death connected with

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that pearl to stock a Sunday newspaper for half a century. The thing makes me kind of creepy at times. It's as bad as having a concentrated murder, suicide, and burying-ground on the premises."

"Then why don't you sell it?" demanded the widow.

"M'yes—ex—actly. Can we do a deal? How much of that $200,000 you spoke of will you spring for the pearl?"

"Do you mean business?" demanded the widow.

"Absolutely."

"Then name your price for the pearl," said Mrs. Jowle-Jones as she reached for her check-book.

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars; but don't write that check—Mrs. Crole-Rees is not in this yet. You must negotiate."

IV.

Mr. Crole-Rees had a surprise when he got back to the Hotel Victoria. He found one of the partners in a great firm of London jewellers examining the pearl. He was just putting it back in its case when Mr. Crole-Rees entered.

"Undoubtedly a counterfeit of the pearl you purchased, madam, and a clever one, too. Unless I am mistaken, it is the one which was made for the Paris Exhibition. Of course! Why, that very replica was until recently ——"

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees, "a very fine imitation."

"—— on view in a shop in Wardour Street," continued the expert, as he picked up the pearl again, and stuck his glass in his eye. "I thought so—Marinoni's mark is on the setting. This will afford you an excellent clue to the thief."

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees again, as he pocketed the pearl. "I guess we will make tracks for that thief right now. Good-morning, sir." And he shook the jeweller warmly by the hand, and edged him out of the room. "Just you stop right here," he said to his wife as he left.

"Not a word about this to anybody—I know where the pearl is when it is wanted," he said to the expert when the door was closed behind them.

"That was a remarkably near thing," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees half an hour later, as he hurried up to his wife's room. He found her ready dressed.

"We will start right away to Scotland Yard and then to Wardour Street. We have got that thief set, whoever he is," she said.

"You are a smart woman," said her husband; "but I guess we will go to Wardour Street first."

When they got out of the hansom which took them to Wardour Street, they found a little knot of people round the window. They were looking at the faded jewel case which had so taken the fancy of Mr. Crole-Rees the day before. Above it was the identical legend that he had read, and in it was the replica of the pink pearl.

"I guess we have drawn blank," observed Mr. Crole-Rees to his astonished wife. "Seems to me that jeweller cuss didn't know quite such an almighty lot, after all. Seems to me that counterfeits of the pearl are as common as hayseed. There will be no call at Scotland Yard this journey."

It was Mrs. Crole-Rees's turn to get a surprise when they got back to the hotel. It was a telegram from the widow:

"Will give $110,000 for the pearl. Will you sell?" it ran.

"She knows it. She has heard of it already, and now she is taking a rise out of me over it."

"No, she isn't. That's a genuine offer. Let her have the blamed thing."

"But it's gone!"

Mr. Crole-Rees tugged at his beard.

"I always thought you were a smart woman," he said reproachfully. "You have lost a $100,000 pearl, and now when there is a chance of making $10,000 on the loss, you don't see it."

"But she is bound to discover that it isn't the real pearl."

"Just so; after she has had half the world to see and handle it. You have had the snigger at her once, and now if you

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are not smart she will have a bigger snigger over you. Sell her the pearl, and we make $10,000 on the deal, while you will have the eternal snigger at Nellie Jowle-Jones when she finds that the pearl is a fraud."

"It will be real mean," protested the lady weakly.

"So was bribing her coachman on the day of the auction."

HE WAS EVEN TOLD THAT HE MIGHT SMOKE ONE OF HIS FAVORITE CIGARS.

The De Lisle pink pearl changed hands. The day after the transaction was complete, Mr. Crole-Rees called on the widow. The jeweller who had pronounced the pearl that Mrs. Crole-Rees had called him in to see a counterfeit was coming away as he entered. He smiled as they exchanged greetings.

"Been making sure the pearl is O. K.?" asked Mr. Crole-Rees of the widow.

"It is O.K. But he tells me there is an excellent replica in existence."

Mr. Crole-Rees dived into his pocket and brought out the faded case which was again missing from the window in Wardour Street, and which held the replica with the Marinoni mark on its tiny detachable setting. He opened it and placed it in the widow's hand.

"I thought," he said slowly, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might find it handy for exhibition purposes. Any way, it's safer for the owner of the real pearl to own both."

MY LADY.

When I watch the world in my lady's eyes,
How beautiful Nature seems;
When I pillow my head on my lady's breast,
How sweet are my long day-dreams;
When I see the sun in her happy smile,
All the year is merry May;
And we laugh and love, and our lazy life
Is a long-spent holiday.

And at night when the stars come out to see
The mischief the world has done,
I curtain my eyes in my lady's hair,
And dream till the night is gone;
And the bright red dawn streams on our bed,
As if the sun blushed to see
How dearly two silly people love.
What fools these mortals be!

Alfred Slade.

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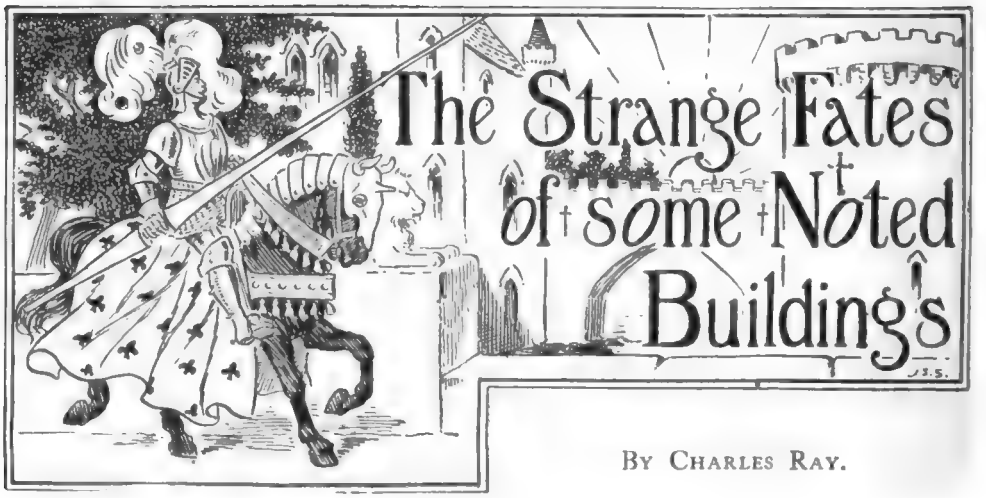

The Strange Fates of some Noted Buildings

By Charles Ray.

When Shakespeare wrote "To what base uses we may return," it is quite probable that he had in mind not only the dust of Alexander, but the many noble buildings which had, even in his day, been put to menial uses. In all parts of England are to be seen castles and monasteries and churches which no longer shelter the heads of noblemen and worshippers, but are given over to more prosaic, if not more practical, uses than heretofore.

For instance, not far from the town of Ilminster, in Somerset, is to be seen a very fine abbey which dates back almost to the days of the Conqueror. It was built in 1091 by Robert, Earl of Montaigne, a warrior of noble blood who came from Normandy, and was rewarded with a large and fertile estate for his valor and prowess. The picturesque old Abbey of Montacute stands at the top of a high hill, and its battlemented tower is a landmark for miles round. But no longer is Earl Robert's generous foundation an abbey; it has long since lost its ancient glory, and after a series of lamentable vicissitudes it is now put to no more dignified a use than that of a farmhouse. The grand old dining-hall, one of the features of the abbey, is still used for its original purpose.

Another picturesque old sanctuary which has been used as a farmhouse is Beeleigh Abbey, near Maldon, in Essex. It is almost as old as Montacute Abbey, having been erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. Additions were made to the building from time to time, the monks' refectory, for instance, being erected in the time of King John, and the chapter-house during the reign of Edward III. These latter apartments, together with

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

MONTACUTE ABBEY, NOW A FARMHOUSE.

It was built in 1091 by one of William the Conqueror's nobles.

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BEELEIGH ABBEY, WHICH BECAME A FARMHOUSE.

It was erected in 1180 for the Order of the White Canons. The monks' refectory, erected in the time of King John, the chapter-house, and the monks' dormitory, remain in their original condition.

the monks' dormitory, remain almost in their original condition, although several other parts of the building have decayed. On the west side of the refectory is a splendid stone mantel-piece of the Tudor period. It originally formed the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Ell, in Normandy, who, with his wife, lies buried somewhere beneath the abbey. To-day the abbey is occupied as a private residence by Mr. John Field, who, to his credit be it said, is doing all he can to preserve the historic old building.

A curious fate has befallen the old Abbey of St. Benet, on the banks of the River Ant, in Norfolk. The abbey, which is now in a state of great ruin, was founded before the Norman Conquest, and was for centuries a centre of great importance in the East of England. The story of how the abbey was captured by the Normans is interesting. The building was strongly fortified, and was besieged for a long time. In all probability it would have been strong enough to resist the attack of the besiegers had not one of the inmates turned traitor and opened the doors to the Normans. This treachery he performed on the understanding that he should be made abbot, but it is, perhaps, satisfactory to learn that the Normans had no sooner gained possession of the abbey than they put to death the man who had betrayed his friends.

Within the few remaining walls of the abbey of St. Benet a disused windmill now stands, built almost entirely of material from the abbey itself. It has long since lost its sails, and is fast falling into ruin. One of the most interesting facts in connection with this abbey is that it is the only one in England which can now boast an abbot.

DRAWING-ROOM, BEELEIGH ABBEY.

This was originally the monks' refectory. On the west side of the room is a splendid stone mantel-piece of the Tudor period, which originally formed, in Normandy, the canopy of the tomb of Henry Bouchier, Earl of Ell.

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But it is not only abbeys that have fallen from their high state. Churches and even chapels of comparatively modern date are to be found in many parts of the world put to a very different use to that which was originally intended by their founders. St. Andrew's Church, Tavistock Place, London, is a building of somewhat imposing appearance. It stands in a fairly fashionable part of the great metropolis, and was at one time famous as being the scene of the ministry of the eloquent Archdeacon Dunbar. But it has long since ceased to be used for the worship of God, and its many changes seem all to have had a downward tendency. After being closed as a sanctuary, it was for some time opened by a dealer in furniture, and later on became a cycle school. A really unfortunate use has been made of a certain portion of the church; it was opened as a club, but the Metropolitan Police one day made a raid upon that portion of the building, and the proprietor was fined $11.50 for having illicitly sold excisable liquors.

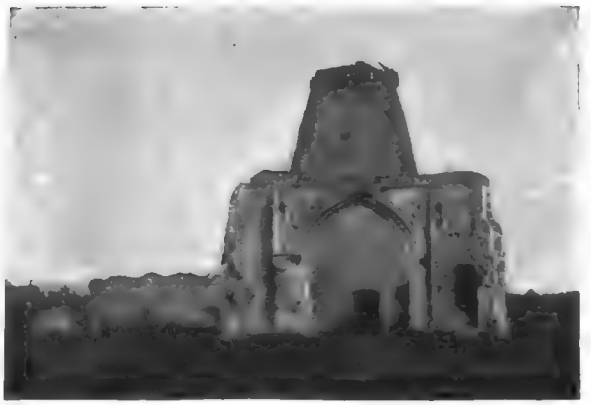

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

WINDMILL IN AN ABBEY.

This is St. Benet's Abbey, founded before the Conquest, and once of great importance. It is the only abbey in England that has an abbot. The Bishop of Norwich sits in the House of Lords as Abbot of St. Benet's.

Another place of worship which has been sold for other purposes, after a prosperous religious career of thirty years, is to be seen at Handsworth. It was built in 1812, and is in a very good condition. It is now occupied by a well-known English cycle manufacturing company.

For a building which was once used for the service of God to become a cowshed seems very much opposed to one's idea of the fitness of things. Such, however, is the case with Padley Chapel. It is several centuries old, and was in the days of Queen Elizabeth a sanctuary of some importance. Now, however, the building is rented by a farmer, who houses his cattle in one part, and stores hay in the other. Not far from the little town of Braintree, in Essex, a similar case of desecration is to be witnessed. The church of St. Peter's-on-the-Wall, at Bradwell, was for hundreds of years used as a place of worship, but it is now put to no better purpose than that of a barn.

Photo by J. H. Burridge.

BRANSTON STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM, USED AS A BUTCHER'S SHOP.

At the last service held here only three people were present, and the poor-box contained three farthings—about one and a half cents.

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Photo by W. Edward Wright.

THE THRONE ROOM, CROSBY HALL, NOW USED AS A RESTAURANT.

Richard of Glo'ster waited here for news of the murder of the two little princes.

Not only as farmhouses, however, are some of these old churches used to-day. The Lamorna Church, well known to tourists between Penzance and Land's End, is now used as a refreshment establishment and during the summer months it does quite a large business. The church was built for the use of quarrymen at the Lamorna works close by, but the opening of new quarries nearer Penzance resulted in the closing of the Lamorna works and the subsequent migration of the bulk of the population. It was from the Lamorna quarries that most of the stone was taken for the building of the Thames Embankment, London. For some time after it ceased to be a place of worship, the little church was used as a dwelling-house. Over the porch is still to be seen a huge Bible carved in granite, with certain texts inscribed upon the open pages. Another church used as a dwelling place is that which stands in Chapel Lane, West Wycombe, Bucks. For more than a century the once sacred building has been divided into cottages.

For a chapel to be used as a butcher's shop may seem grotesque to many of our readers, but such is the fact in connection with the Branston Street Free Methodist Chapel, Birmingham. It was built in 1854, and although for many years its career as a prosperous church and as a power for good in the district was celebrated, the congregation gradually dwindled, till at the last service only three people were present, and it is said that when the poor-box was opened

THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF LLANDAFF, NOW A FARMHOUSE.

Dates from mediæval times, and has seen desperate fighting.

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A MAUSOLEUM AT ALLAHABAD.

It was erected to the memory of a young prince by his father, who murdered him. It is now luxuriously fitted as a billiard saloon, and, being without windows, is lit by electric light.

only three farthings (less than two cents) were found inside! When the chapel was sold, it was at first used as a butcher's shop; then it became a hall for smoking concerts; and, finally, a firm of organ builders have taken it on a long lease.

Other buildings beside abbeys and churches have been put to baser uses than those for which they were originally intended.

Several ruined castles are to be seen in different parts of England which have been temporarily patched up and let as dwelling houses. Even bishops' palaces are not exempt from the changes wrought by time. Mayne Court, near Matherne, in Monmouthshire, was once the residence of the Bishops of Llandaff. It dates from mediæval times, and, as the battered walls show, has been subjected to some very rough usage. The walls are exceptionally thick, and at either extremity of the palace stands a strong tower with loopholes, through which muskets have been fired upon many occasions. Immediately beneath the roofs of the towers are small chambers in which soldiers could be stationed for the defence of the palace. The building is now used as a farmhouse, but its general appearance and its doors of solid oak, heavily clamped with iron, proclaim that it has seen better days. Over the main doorway are to be seen the arms of the See of Llandaff, with mitres and pastoral staves.

Another place which has fallen from its high estate is the famous Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, well known to all those who have visited the City of London. It was built about 1460 by Sir John Crosby, and afterwards came into the hands of Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It was here that the wily "Crookback" awaited news of the murder of the little princes in the Tower. Princess Catherine of Aragon, afterwards the unfortunate wife of Henry VIII., was entertained here, and Queen Elizabeth once honored Crosby Hall with her presence, when she witnessed a masque performance of the law students of Gray's Inn and the Temple, arranged for her special benefit by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer. The great Sir Thomas More once dwelt

Photo by A. Wells.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

It was once a theological college, but is now used for concerts and popular entertainments.

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at Crosby Hall, and in his time the quaint old building became the centre of learning and philosophy in London. But, "Ichabod," its glory has departed, and now Crosby Hall is a restaurant, where stock-brokers and other city men may eat their mid-day meal in company with the ghosts of princes, and talk over such inglorious subjects as "bears and bulls."

From theological college to music hall is a far cry, but such is the change which has come over the Spring Hill College, Birmingham. It was built in 1857 as a memorial to the Rev. John Angell James, the famous pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel. The college contained accommodation for about eighty students, and quite a number of well-known Nonconformist preachers received their theological education here, but the building was not sufficiently large for the purposes for which it was required, and ten years ago it was sold to the Moseley Botanical Society for nearly $65,000. The college is now used for popular entertainments, and concert-goers who are not aware of the history of the building are astonished to see over the gateway such mottoes as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It is not often that a tomb is used for any other purpose than that for which it was originally intended. Respect for the dead is usually sufficient to prevent any sacrilegious use of the last resting-place of a man, however unpleasing his character may have been. There is one case,

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.
It is still called that, but is now a blacksmith's shop.

Photo by The Photochrome Co.

CHAPEL OF RYE MONASTERY.

The monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535. The chapel has been a malt house, a barn, a theatre, a provision store, and is now a Salvation Army barracks.

however, where a tomb has been put to an extraordinary use. In the town of Allahabad, in India, is a splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of a prince who met with a particularly terrible death. The young man became the object of jealousy to his father, the reigning king, and this monarch, known as Jehanjir, actually tortured and starved his son to death. But, after the terrible deed, some remorse seems to have seized upon him, and he built this splendid mausoleum to his son's memory, being buried there himself some years later. The descendants of the son, however, are determined not to let their brutal ancestor rest in peace. They have fitted the upper portion of the tomb as a billiard saloon. A firm of English upholsterers, with a branch establishment in Bombay, secured the curious furnishing contract, and no expense has been spared to make the interior of the tomb a thoroughly luxurious apartment. The billiard table is in con-

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Photo by R. W. Frost.

DISHLEY CHURCH.

It was built in 1365, and many famous ecclesiastics have labored there. For the last thirty years it has been used in summer for calf-rearing, and in winter as a sheep-fold.

stant use, and the tomb, which has no windows, is lit by electricity.

Visitors to the quaint old town of Rye, in Sussex, England, have probably noticed the picturesque barracks of the Salvation Army on top of Conduit Hill, but not many are aware that this was once an influential monastery. The institution was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535, and certain portions of the building were allowed to fall into decay, but the chapel was kept in repair, and it is this which is the barracks. The order of monks at the Rye Monastery was that of the Friar-Eremites of St. Augustine. After the dissolution the old chapel was put to various uses. It was at one time a malthouse, at another a barn, then a theatre, then a provision store. In 1762 some excavations were being made around the monastery, when several skeletons were discovered in an upright position. A writer of the period says: "If this was to represent that they lived uprightly, and if such custom prevailed nowadays, few, I think, would be eligible for such an interment."

One of our photographs shows a sanctuary which is now used as a blacksmith's shop. It stands in the old town of Warwick, and still retains its former title, "St. Michael's Church," although instead of the preacher's words and the joyous hymns of praise, the building now resounds with the ring of hammer and anvil. The large church window at one end of the building still remains, but several smaller openings have been made in the wall.

The picturesque old church of Dishley, which is now in a very ruined condition, is no longer used for public worship. The church was built as far back as 1365, and has at different times been the scene of the labors of many famous ecclesiastics. For the last thirty years, however, it has been used as a barn and a rearing place for calves. In the winter the church is occupied as a sheepfold.

Perhaps no more remarkable change in the purpose for which a building is used can be found than that of the old Bath Street Chapel, at Birmingham. Originally used as a place in which "peace and goodwill towards men" might be preached, it is now a gun factory, and annually turns out a large number of deadly weapons. It is in the occupation of the Abingdon Works Company.

A curious dwelling-place is to be seen at Basingstoke. This is nothing less than the tower of a ruined church. The place is known as the Holy Ghost Church, and was built in the reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Sandys, whose descendants lie buried in the chancel. The church was destroyed

Photo by J. H. Burridge.

BATH STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM

Once a place of worship, it is now used as a gun-factory.

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during the troublous times of the Commonwealth, and the tower is the only portion of the ruined sanctuary which is at all in a state of preservation. The present occupier has converted the interior of the ruined church into a beautiful flower garden.

Another building whose curious fate should be recorded in this article is the church at Upton-on-Severn, not far from the town of Malvern. The church, which is a substantial one of red sandstone, is of mediæval date, but about a quarter of a century ago the then rector, Canon Lason, built a new and more commodious church in another part of the town. The old sanctuary could not be sold for any purpose, and as the inhabitants were chary of pulling down so venerable a local monument, they decided to let it remain. No use is made of the church; the roof and window frames have gradually decayed, and the entire building is now appropriated by the pigeons of the district as a breeding-place.

An article of this character would not be complete without a mention of the old White-friars monastery at Coventry, which now forms a wing of the workhouse in that town. It was erected in 1342, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Photo by E. J. Nesbitt.

THE HOLY GHOST CHURCH.

Built by Lord Sandys in the reign of Henry VIII., it was destroyed during the Commonwealth. To-day the tower is a dwelling-house, and the ruined church a lovely flower garden.

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The Reward of Battle

By John Le Breton.

It was a Sunday afternoon in midsummer, and beyond the shade of the trees, the sun burned on the air and grass, and sucked at the earth until it seemed to gape for rain. Beside the old mulberry tree in Farmer Dewney's homefield, Ben and Adam faced each other in open enmity. A cow stood near, looking on with the placid interest of a bystander having no prejudice in favor of either party. The farm was blocked out of sight by the great ricks in the yard, and the blackberry hedge shut off the lads from the lane beneath. Few passed that way on a Sunday afternoon, for lovers went to the woodlands, and the other villagers spent their rest in talking over the affairs of Europe and Ashcrane.

Ben was a fine, strong fellow, with a broad, honest face. It was he who had won the prizes for wrestling, hurling, and weight-lifting at the Whitsun sports of Ashcrane, Stonehurst, and Craneston-cum-Cowley. Adam was shorter by two inches and of slighter build, but smart and lithe, a man whom a cavalry officer would have picked out as the making of an ideal hussar.

Suddenly Ben advanced a foot nearer to his adversary, who stood his ground resolutely.

"I tell 'ee tha shaant speak to Lu," he said.

"And I tell 'ee I shall," retorted Adam.

"Then we'll see. If 'ee be a better man nor me—show it."

Adam slowly took off his coat. Ben followed the example quickly, grinning angrily as he did so.

"Jest ter show Lu' oo's the better man," he said.

"Ef 'ee whops me now 'twon't mak' 'ee tha better man. I won't give 'er up nohow."

"I'll mak' 'ee sing a different toon pretty soon, ma lad;" and he launched a heavy fist at the other's head. Adam escaped it by jumping backward, and, pursued by Ben, he half-circled the tree, the few blows that fell only bruising his fending arms.

Ben put his great, brown hand down.

"Be this yeer a foot-match or what?" he inquired.

"Wait a whoile, and maybe I'll show 'ee."

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"Stand up loike a man ef 'ee be one!" cried Ben, and, striking out again, he just managed to get through his opponent's guard and hit him on the breast. Adam staggered back, and Ben swung round his right fist so that it came like a sledge-hammer on Adam's left ear and sent him down with a crash.

For a moment he lay on the grass, dazed. Then, springing up, he abandoned his defensive tactics, hitting out at his foe with such fury that in turn he drove him back, the blood spurting from Ben's nose as a sound thwack alighted on it. Then the heavier man rallied, and by his weight bore Adam down.

The old cow in a fright had retreated some twenty yards, but now she returned step by step and watched them inquisitively. The fight went on, Adam continually falling and becoming weaker and weaker. His shirt was stained with blood, his eyes were closing, and his good-looking face was rapidly taking on the appearance of a hideous mask. Ben was marked too, but he was fresh and active.

"'Ave 'ee 'ad enough?" he asked as he delivered a knock-down blow.

"No, and I never shall," gasped Adam, striving to regain his feet only to be promptly sent to ground again.

"You'll kill 'im, Ben! 'A' done now," cried a girlish voice authoritatively.

Ben looked up and became aware of a dark-eyed, rose-hued face peeping over the hedge.

"Dan'l me ef it ain't Lu!" he muttered sheepishly.

Lu squeezed herself through a gap and came toward them.

"Let 'im saay I'm t' better man then," said Ben sturdily.

"Any one can see that," said Lu, looking with disgust at the misused face of the vanquished one.

"He's not," panted Adam, trying to struggle up again; but Ben merely pushed him down with open hand.

"It be a shaame an' a disgrace a-foightin' loike this, an' on a Sunday aarternoon too," observed Lu indignantly. "What'll folk saay?"

"That I've gi'n 'im a blaamed good 'iding," replied Ben with surly glee.

ADAM STAGGERED BACK, AND BEN SWUNG ROUND HIS RIGHT FIST.

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"Yew be no better man. I'll foight 'ee agen termorrer," wheezed Adam.

"Ef there be any more foightin', I'll never speak to 'ee more," announced Lu. Apparently, she had no sympathy with either combatant, yet she was curiously annoyed.

"'E won't waant no more," observed Ben; and then, "Comin' fer a walk, Lu?"

"No! I be ashamed of 'ee both," and she walked back to the hedge, and began to make her way into the lane.

The victor watched her, shamefaced.

"But I reckon 'ee won't say that arter I cleaned meself," he called out.

"I will!" she answered, turning, and looking at him defiantly.

THREE OF THE ZULUS WERE ATTACKING HIS FRIEND.

Adam crawled up to the tree, and propped himself against it.

"Lu!" he cried.

"Don't 'ee speak ter me," she said pettishly. "I hate a man as can't take 'is own part, that I do. I'd die afore I'd be licked!"

"So'd I, Lu," agreed Ben cheerfully.

"Yew!" she said contemptuously. "Ef I was a man, I'd lick 'ee same as yew licked 'im, jest so's yew shouldn't crow!"

"'Twas all for 'ee, Lu," he answered, humbly.

"For me! I wouldn't ha' the best of 'ee for a gift!"

She slipped through the hedge lithely and disappeared. Ben offered his foe assistance, and, being refused, he strode away, holding his handkerchief to his face. As for Adam, he waited until darkness set in, and then limped home and up to his room, but not before his young brothers, Isaac and John, had caught sight of him.

"Look at our Adam!" Isaac shouted.

"'E've bin foightin'," came from the observant John.

"'Ere, mother, see 'is face, it's wuss nor jorache. Goo! Adam, 'ee be a fair sickenin' soight, so 'ee be!"

"Faather, some'un's bin givin' 'oor Adam a whoppin'. 'Oo is't, Adam?"

"Ben, 'e's giv' Oliver's Adam a great whoppin'," was rumored all through the

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village; and Ben was courted as victors are, and took liberties with his fame, and contradicted every one on every subject under the sun.

"I'll wed Lu insoide o' six months," he would prophesy, "and, what be more, I'll foight any man in the three villages for 'er."

Adam met Lu by the lower turnpike gate about ten days after the fight. His face had almost regained its natural shape, but his eyes were yet shadowed with brown and green bruises. He barred her way, and she stood before him without speaking.

"I ain't done with 'im yet, Lu," he said at last, "I'll win 'ee ef I foight for 'ee every week."

"Oh! will 'ee now?"

"Ess," he said, "ef I've every limb broke over the job, I'll win 'ee. Ef I had to stoomp on me knees wi' both legs off, I'll win 'ee."

"Then 'ee won't, Adam Oliver! Now I've seen ye wi' yer black eyes, and yer ugly faace, I want no truck with 'ee. And ef 'ee legs was off, I'd laugh at 'ee, I would."

Next day Ben came to the ten-acre barley field where Adam was having his dinner.

"Dan'l that theer Lu," he said morosely.

Adam jumped up and prepared to renew hostilities.

"Yew speak more respeckful loike of her," he exclaimed.

"Stop it, Adam," Ben said; "we be both in t' same boat. She won't 'ave me, and when I taanted 'er as she'd 'ave yew, she up and said she fair 'ated the two on us. I be goin' abroad. 'Bout 'ereabouts is no plaace for us wi' 'er 'ere. I be goin' to the Cape o' Good 'Ope, and I coom to ask 'ee ter go wi' me."

Adam stared. "What be 'ee goin' to do theer?" he demanded.

"Pick an' choose. I heerd as they want workin' lads, and I've got that hunder poonds me grandfer left me, so ef 'ee 'll coom, too, I'll pay tha passage for 'ee."

Adam pondered over the invitation for a while, and then he said:

"It be koindly meant, Ben, and I think I'll coom."

"Don't 'ee think, man, say coom. I writ for me hunder poonds and there be a steamer goin' every fortnit."

"I'll give 'ee the answer termorrer," Adam said.

"I'll see 'ee termorrer," and the conqueror departed.

If Adam consented to go, well and good; but Ben did not intend to leave his rival behind him. In the evening Adam went to see Lu. Her mother came to the door, a little, shrivelled, old woman, whose mocking speeches had aroused many a dull-witted villager to a feeling of injury.

"Lu in, mum?" he asked.

"Come to ask 'er ef she see any green in yer eye?" inquired the old woman, laughing in her unmerry way.

"No, I ain't, mum," he answered sturdily.

"'Ere, Lu," she called up the stairs, "Oliver's Adam be coom to see 'ee. 'E waants 'ee ter keep Ben off'n 'im, lest he gets another whoppin'."

Lu came down, and out on to the red-tiled path that divided the narrow cottage gardens. She flushed as her mother jeered at the lad.

"Well?" she asked, without looking at him.

"I be coom ter say 'good-bye,' Lu."

"Good-bye."

"'Ee dunno wheer I be goin' to."

"And I don' care," she answered impatiently.

"I be goin' ter Cape o' Good 'Ope for good."

"Better'n stayin' 'ere for bad."

"Do 'ee waant me ter go?" he asked.

"I don' want 'ee ter stay," she said.

He left her without another word, and went down the garden path, the old woman's shrill laugh pursuing him. One week later, he was in London with Ben, and a week after that they were both on their way to the Cape.

At the time when they landed, war with the Zulus was imminent, and without waiting to pick and choose peaceful labor as they had intended, Ben and Adam joined Weatherley's Horse and went to the front. In three months they were used to fighting

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when falling was the end, for the black warriors gave no quarter; and Adam came to know what it meant to wait, silent and quivering, while hidden beyond were the hordes of foemen who must soon be met in the clash of war. Yet when the action began and death was rampant among them, he, like the rest who had waited in agony, gloried in the wild rush upon the enemy, the firing, hewing, and cutting, with never a thought of self-preservation, and possessed only of the one desire—to kill.

On March 28, 1879, Weatherley's Horse, and other troops, with Colonel Buller in command, were ordered to ascend the Zlobane Mountains, for scouts had brought news of a large quantity of cattle there. In the night, with the great gloom of the mountains merging in the darkness before them, the ascent was commenced over a difficult path. Exulting, they neared the summit just as dawn burst magnificently upon the dusky heavens. Then the copper-hued edge of the sun peered up and shone on the accoutrements of the men, flashing upon sword-hilts and glittering upon the metal of the harness.

"CAAN'T I MAKE UP FOR THAT NOW?" SHE ASKED.

"Seems a'most loike stealin', Ben," said Adam, as they rode together.

"Caan't steal from them blacks," said Ben; "loike enough they stole the beasties first, and stolen goods never do profit the thief."

"What ef them Zulus coomed down Ashcrane and stole Faarmer Dewney's caddle?"

"That be diff'rent. I'm main sorry there won't be no fightin'. My sword-arm be achin' for 't."

There was a call from the front, and then the sharp rattle of horses' hoofs, a few puffs of smoke from behind the boulders ahead, a closing-up from the rear and a falling-back from the van, so that men massed in momentary confusion. The shots came faster, and horses reared and fell, and men dropped, while still the puffs of smoke bloomed out like great evanescent blue-white flowers among the rocks, high and low, from one side and then another—a very garden of sudden death.

"Forward!" came the word of com-

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mand; and the line loosened and rode on until the Zulus left ambush and barred the road, and came pouring down the mountain sides threatening to envelop the column and cut off the retreat.

The British had been surprised by an entire impi, headed by Dubalmanzi, one of the most noted of their chiefs; and, meeting the advance in body, the Zulus charged down, assegai in hand. Then came the order to return; but almost before it was given, the soldiers were in full retreat, for the Zulus were among the men, thrusting and hacking, pulling them from their horses, and despatching them upon the ground. The whites fought desperately, while their frantic steeds reared and bit, and struggled for their lives; and each man, almost unconsciously, strove to gain the plain below. In all the raging of blood and horror gallant deeds were done. Many a soldier gave up his life to save a comrade, and many a turning back to the rescue there was, when to turn was death.

It was the horses now that sought the safety of the plain beneath, for their riders thought no more of escape. Side by side Adam and Ben fought on, missing death by miracles they never knew. Once, when an assegai had almost reached Ben's throat, a thrust of Adam's sword had driven impotence to the assailant's arms. As the Zulus closed up, Ben was wounded in the bridle-arm, but, clinging to the saddle by his knees, he forced his way on until Adam cried to him from the rear. Turning his horse with his sword-hilt pressed against its neck, he leaped back to where three of the Zulus were attacking his friend. "Slash" went his sword into one of them, and the broad chest of his horse sent the others down. With a mighty effort he dragged Adam into the saddle before him, and, turning again, fled.

Somehow they reached the plain where already a few of their comrades had assembled, and were forming up and firing into the enemy, who now held off. Those of the British who had fallen were long since dead, and sadly and savagely the survivors rode away, Adam fainting, almost dying, upon a led horse. Only forty out of 250 soldiers who had climbed the mountain answered the roll-call; and men wept and cursed because they had been spared, and longed to return and die battling that they might avenge their slaughtered comrades. Vain fury was rife among them as name after name was called to terrible silence; and the remnant of the regiment had to be marched back to safe country lest it should be wasted upon the assegais of the enemy.

Then came a time of utter gloom and despondency when they were haunted by the remembrance of that hell of slaughter through which they had ridden; and at night men raved in their sleep and fought in their dreams, wept like girls, and swore like ruffians. In the hospital Adam was delirious, and his life wavered in him; and Ben, whose arm was badly wounded, tended him as well as he could. By-and-by reinforcements arrived, and the wounded, including the Ashcrane men, were sent to the south. They saw nothing of the victories that followed this defeat, for they were invalided home, Adam a wreck, and Ben weak and ill. Halfway on the voyage, one of Adam's legs had to be amputated at the knee, and he reached England a cripple. Ben, although he still carried his arm in a sling, soon recovered his health, and devoted himself to his comrade. Adam told every one of Ben's heroism, and worshipped his stalwart friend as weakness always worships strength; and Ben would stand by and listen with a gratified smile on his face until the tale was all told, and then he would protest—

"'A' done now, Adam! You'd 'a' done jest the same for me, I reckon."

At Ashcrane Adam hid himself in the old home, and his people heard how his life had been saved and spread the news near and far, and Ben was invited to all the farmhouses, and was feasted and admired and was as happy as the day was long. Lu listened, with tears in her eyes, to the telling of the brave deed, and was pleased to see Ben, so pleased that he repeated the story to her a score of times, and each time she said that he was a hero. Then one day he asked her outright :

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"Yew won't say no to me now, Lu?"

She looked at him, pale-faced and anxious.

"I allers said as 'ow I'd 'ave 'ee, Lu, an' I've fought 'ard for 'ee. 'Tain't every man as 'ud fought Zulus as I did for yew, Lu. What say ter 'avin' our names called next Sunday?"

"Yew be a brave man, Ben," she said, "a very brave man. I hope we'll be allers friends, but I ain't inclined o' marryin' yew."

"What? Yew won't 'ave me, Lu—nohow?"

"Nohow, Ben. I don't mean it unkind, but don't 'ee ask me agen."

"'Tain't no matter, Lu," he said hotly, "there's lots o' gals as will. 'Tain't every chap 'as fought agen Zulus!"

That evening, Adam sat as usual in the garden, where he could watch the crimson and gold of the sunset fade into the purple of the coming night. The shadows of the great elms spread in the dusk, while the hush that comes with the darkness was heralded by the twittering of the sparrows, the cawing of the rooks above, and the hum of the insects as they buzzed home. The cool air was full of the scent of mignonette and roses, and close by Adam's chair was a great pot of yellow musk that smelt as sweet as any gaudy blossom in the garden.

Presently the gate clicked and a slim girl came up the path to him, and a well-remembered voice faltered:

"Are 'ee any better, Adam?"

"As well as I'm loike to be, Lu."

"Why don't 'ee come and see mother and me?"

"I caan't get about well, Lu. Ain't 'ee heerd?"

"Yes, Adam, and I be main sorry. I coom to tell 'ee how sorry."

There was a pause, and then he said:

"Do 'ee call to mind, Lu—'ee said ef I coom to me stoomps 'ee'd laff at me?"

"Caan't I make up for that now?" she asked, timidly; and he thought he heard a stifled sob after the words. He did not answer. He could not bring himself to say no.

"I tole Ben I'd never marry 'im," she said softly; again he would not speak. The cricket in the cottage wall chirped until it awoke echoes.

"Adam!" she said, appealingly.

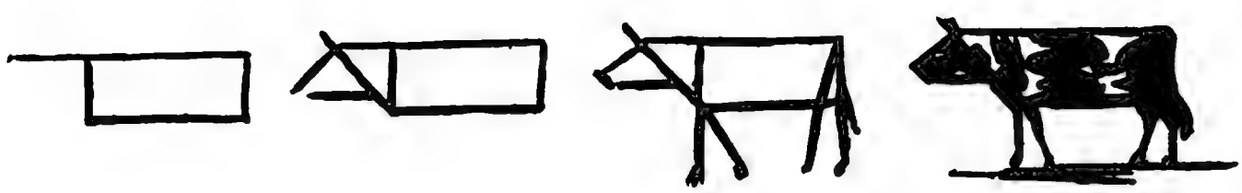
"What can I say, Lu? I be done for now."

"No, no! Don't 'ee say that. Yew'll be brave and 'earty when yew be nussed up a bit. And—and—I do love 'ee, Adam," she cried, desperately.

She was so near that he caught her hand and kissed and fondled it; and she bent over him, and then their lips met.

The folk wondered at Lu! but the wooing was done.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The story of this fight on the Zlobane was told me by one of the survivors.



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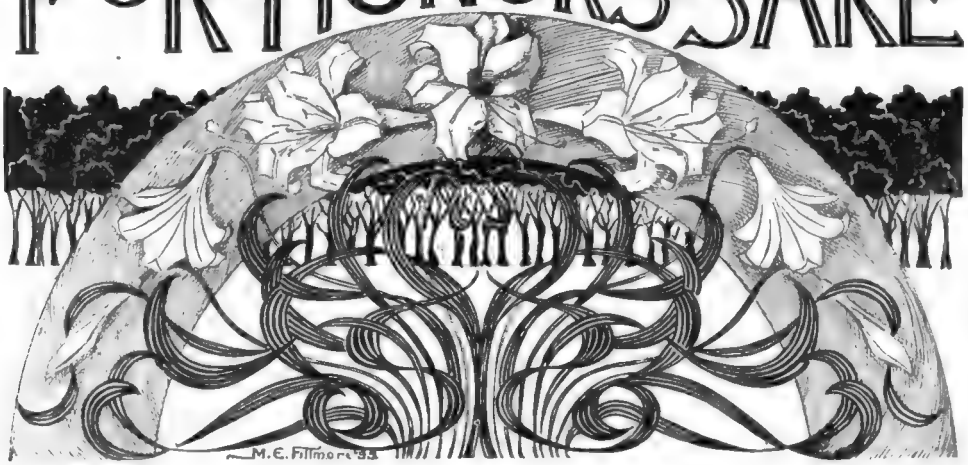
FOR HONOR'S SAKE



By Percival Lane.

There was great excitement at the little town of Huntersville. For was it not the very eve of the election? And had not Colonel Braye himself promised to come on from the big meeting at Stix and say just a few words to the Huntersville citizens at the close of their own little one? And wasn't he going to spend the night at Major Hervey's, and start thence on his long drive to the polling stations tomorrow morning?

In all the preparations for these mighty events Miss Hervey took the lead. She superintended the arrangements in the schoolroom. She held the ladder while Ben, the carpenter, nailed up the Stars and Stripes over the desk from which the orators were to hold forth. She ordered the wagon in which the Huntersville brass band was to go down the Stix road to meet the candidate, and, in the course of the afternoon, she persuaded the last waverer in the village to vote for Col. Cecil Braye.

It was believed that the result would be "a very near thing." Mr. Blarney, the opposition candidate, had been working like a demon, and the men and women of his faction had been "popping in and out of the voters' houses, for all the world like rabbits in a warren," as Mr. Spinks, an energetic canvasser on the other side, remarked with disgust; and "their lying," he added, had been "something awful." "There won't be much in it, neither way," said old George Smith the shoemaker, shaking his shrewd head. He further hazarded an opinion that if Col. Cecil Braye were not at the head of the poll, "that durned opposition scoundrel would be elected," which was final, for was not George Smith the "wise man" of the town.

Evening came at last. The laborers assembled in groups near the schoolroom, carefully cloaking their interest under a guise of stolid indifference. The schoolmaster and several farmers waited expectantly at the door. Then the party from the "big house" drove up, and the Major descended, followed by his wife and Violet Hervey, and Mr. Shaw, the speaker from the city, who was to "hold" the meeting till the candidate put in an appearance.

As soon as the speakers had arrived the room rapidly filled, the laborers lumbering in and dropping into the seats farthest from the dais, in their characteristic style. Then the Major took the chair, Violet Hervey fixed her eyes anxiously on the clock, and Mr. Shaw sat by the Major's side, nervously conning his elaborate notes.

Soon a blare of discordant trumpets was

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heard in the distance, and all the laborers, with one accord and without any apology, rose and departed to welcome the candidate.

When he had driven up, amid a chorus of ringing cheers, the Colonel briskly descended from his buggy, nodded and smiled at the little crowd assembled at the door, and, entering the room, shook hands warmly with the Herveys.

"A splendid meeting you have got up for me," he said to Violet.

The girl's face flushed with pleasure.

"We have done our best," she said; "and old Mullins has promised me his vote this afternoon. Our last waverer!"

"Capital," answered the candidate. "Cap-i-tal."

Then, divesting himself of his overcoat, he prepared to speak, and Violet, too unaffected to conceal her interest by any feminine tricks, fastened her eyes upon his face in expectation of the coming treat.

Having already addressed four meetings that day, the Colonel's voice was not so musical as usual, neither did he make any pretence of delivering an elaborate political discourse. The time for that was past. But he just spoke a few strong, encouraging words to his supporters, dwelling on the chances of victory, and urging them to work for the cause they all believed in, and not to rest till they had polled their very last man.

Violet had already heard him speak on several occasions, and the quality of his speeches which specially evoked her admiration was a certain loftiness of tone which distinguished them. There was no claptrap in them, no vulgar personalities, no mere specious arguing, no parrot-like repetition of well-worn platitudes, no obvious attempt to play down to the level of a bumpkin audience, but, rather, an endeavor, by simple, straightforward, thoughtful language, to lift them and the subject to a higher atmosphere than was customary in politics.

"We shall soon know now," he said, in conclusion, "how the day has gone. Even if it be lost—and I think, as I have told you, that we are not going to lose—

HE DESTROYED MUCH OF THE EFFECT OF THE PRECEDING SPEECH.

we shall not have fought in vain. For, throughout this contest, despite all temptations to retaliate on opponents whose standard of honor is not very high, we have not stooped to imitate their methods, but have endeavored to set an example of the right and gentlemanly spirit in which the politics of this great country should be conducted. We have rested on the strength of a cause we believe to be right and noble, and have not sullied it by the mean tricks of the unscrupulous partisan."

Violet's eyes glowed at these words. Her hero had spoken out bravely for what was right and true. If only he could become President, what a change would come over the spirit of politics! What a chance for the realization of her best dreams and ideals! The audience listened with silent and rapt attention to the speech, and at its close gave vent to their satisfaction by a prolonged and hearty cheer. Then, with a vote of thanks to the Major (in reply to which he spoke for ten minutes and destroyed much of the effect of the preceding speech), the meeting ended.

At supper that night, though the candidate had the honor of taking Mrs. Hervey downstairs, and Violet had to content herself with Mr. Shaw, it happened by a strange chance that the two friends found

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themselves seated next to one another at the table. Unfortunately, the learned lawyer, having opened upon the absorbing topic of expansion, on the stairs, pursued it without a pause till the meal was half finished. But then he gave a chance which Braye was prompt to seize.

"I wish it was all over," he said confidentially to Violet.

"I expect you do. You must be worn out," she answered. "How do you think things are going—candidly?"

Braye shrugged his shoulders. "It will be neck and neck," he answered. "But we have got a spur to use to-morrow that ought to bring us in by a head."

She looked at him interrogatively.

"This is strictly *entre nous*. I am taking you into the innermost circle of the conspirators," he said, lowering his voice, while a bright pleased smile came over the girl's face. "Pilsen has had a splendid circular drawn up—some balderdash about Blarney's treatment of his workmen. It's to be sent to every voter by special messengers to-morrow, because we can't trust the fellows at the post-office."

And he turned to her with a glance that expected approval.

But the girl gave a quick gasp, and recoiled from him.

"But is it all true," she faltered.

"Is what true?"

"The—the circular?" and her eyes looked at him with an unspoken prayer that he might answer "yes."

"I doubt it," he replied carelessly, raising his champagne to his lips. "Probably all tommy-rot, but, if so, old Blarney will be hoist with his own petard. And the best of it all is that they will have no time to get out an answer."

There was little time for conversation after that, and the candidate was too excited and self-absorbed to notice the sudden change in Violet's tone and manner. So he rattled on, and she answered briefly and with cold reserve, till Mrs. Hervey gave the signal, and the ladies withdrew.

When she reached her bedroom soon after, she put her candle on the chest of drawers, and gave herself up to a conflict of thoughts and emotions.

Her hero had suddenly been dethroned from his place in her estimation. His noble words were still ringing in her ears—his aspirations for a stainless record in the fight. And then so soon after had come that unconcerned, cynical declaration of the mean trick that was to be played upon his opponent in the morning. At the very time when he had thrilled her heart at the meeting by his manly words he must have been aware of the shabby plot his agent had contrived—must have given his consent to it. What did it all mean? Had the squalid game of party politics corrupted even his mind and lowered it to the level of those around him—those who made it their profession and laughed at honor as a weakness?

As she thought the matter over, her mind grew clearer. Those words at the meeting, she felt convinced, expressed the man and his true character. There was written in his fine face the open scorn of a lie, and her love—she did not shrink from the word to-night—had read it there infallibly. But the stress of the fight, the irritation born of many a blackguardly attack upon him, the representations of an astute and unscrupulous agent, the letters from Washington urging on him the importance of the issue—all these had told upon him, and made him reckless and blind—perhaps purposely blind—to the real nature of what was being done on his behalf. He had weakly shrunk from putting it in contrast with the principles he believed in and advocated.

He did not realize what he was doing, then, and he must be made to realize it, before it was too late. But by whom? "I must do it," thought the girl, with a pleased underlying consciousness that she had a better chance of success than any one else. She must save her hero from himself—or rather, save his best and noblest self in its hour of temptation and weakness. He was still her peerless knight, but he was disarmed, and she must rescue him from peril.

As she came to this conclusion, she heard the dining-room door open, and the gentlemen come out talking and laughing

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with the excitement of men who have finished a hard day's work with an excellent supper.

"Time for a game of billiards," she heard the Major say. "Do you play, Mr. Shaw? No! Well, then, Braye, I owe you a defeat."

"Tempter," answered Braye's voice. "I ought to go to bed, but instead I'll get into my smoking jacket."

And, lighting his candle, he ascended the stairs.

He had just returned into the gallery leading to his room when Violet suddenly came out of hers. "Oh! can I speak to you for one moment?" she asked with a touch of embarrassment in her tone.

"By all means," he answered, somewhat surprised at this strange interview.

"I want to ask a favor of you, Mr. Braye," she said.

"You have only to ask it," and there was a little emphasis on the first word that thrilled the girl's heart, but she put the feeling aside and answered quite quietly but very firmly.

"Do not promise till you have heard my request, Mr. Braye. I want you to suppress that circular.

"Please do," she said, "for your own sake. It is unworthy of you. If you win, it will spoil all the pleasure of your victory, and if you lose, it will embitter your defeat."

Braye looked carefully at the floor for a few moments with his brows knit. Then he looked up at the girl's handsome, eager face and noticed the set expression and the lips tightly closed. Somehow he felt that their positions had been suddenly reversed. He was not the teacher now, but the pupil, ruled by a stronger will. A sense of shame for himself and increased admiration for Violet came over him.

"It's very good of you to be so careful of my honor," he said.

The words were not said satirically, but a deep crimson flush spread over Violet's face at the words.

"I don't know how to stop it now," he added.

"You can send a messenger to Pilsen early to-morrow morning," she answered quietly.

"But it may lose us the election," he blurted out almost peevishly. The whole thing struck him as very awkward and annoying.

"But it's right," she answered simply. "You will be glad of it afterwards. Please do."

For a moment Braye still wavered, looking down at the carpet. Then with a sudden impulse he raised his eyes to hers.

"Thank you," he said, "I give you my word that it shall be done." And taking her hand he suddenly lifted it to his lips, and was gone before she could say another word.

II.

The front parlor of Colonel Braye's committee rooms overlooking the main street of Stix was filled with anxious faces. For the last stage of the great struggle had been entered upon. The votes were being counted.

The Major was there in great pomp and circumstance. He had been anxious to be present at the count, but the agent, knowing his man, had suggested that he should stay to look after the ladies. This task pleased the good soul mightily, and he showed great tact in alternately calming their fears and preparing them for the worst, by delivering contradictory opinions, with the air of an inspired prophet, every few minutes.

Mrs. Cooper was there, the head of the Women's Club for Political Study, full of grim earnestness and austere political learning. Timid Mrs. Moore, the doctor's wife, had ventured to put in an appearance, ready to wave her handkerchief or to apply it to her eyes, as circumstances might dictate.

Apart from the rest stood Violet Hervey, pale indeed from two sleepless nights, but outwardly the most self-possessed of all. She had worked harder than any other woman; she had hoped and prayed, night and day, for weeks, that the cause she believed in

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might be triumphant, and the man she loved in secret might be its victorious champion. Two days before, her love and sense of duty had led her to take a tremendous responsibility upon herself; and now, when there was nothing further to be done save to wait for the issue of the struggle, her mood had passed beyond anxiety into an unnatural calm.

How slowly the time passed! Did it take so long to count a few thousand votes? She pictured to herself her hero watching the process, ready to take victory or defeat in his own manly way. And how did Mr. Blarney feel? She hated Mr. Blarney with his coarse red face and demagogic clap-trap. Was he chuckling now over the success of his low tactics, or was he plunged into the depths of a well-deserved despair? What was that cheering? Oh! it was all over now.

There was a confused babel of voices. Then there was a pause, during which one voice could be heard reading something inaudible, and then some wild cheering as the crowd rushed frantically across to Blarney's committee rooms on the opposite side of the street.

"What's the result?" bellowed the Major out of the window.

"Blarney's in by ten. Blarney's in by ten!" shouted back an excited passerby. "Hi? good old Major, what price your speeches now?"

"I'll have that ruffian arrested," snapped the affronted Major, very red in the face.

Violet had drawn near the window, and was quietly looking down on the surging mob beneath. She heard the shouts of triumph. She saw Blarney carried shoulder high into his committee rooms. She listened to his speech from the window. Then she saw Pilsen cross the street looking sulky and vexed, and after him came her hero, pale but bearing up bravely, turning occasionally to exchange a greeting with a disappointed supporter.

Very slowly he came across the street, the crowd, with that good taste it so often displays, making way for him without remark. Slowly he came up the stairs and entered the room. Going to the window he spoke a few words to his friends assembled outside.

"We have made a good fight of it," he said, "and have nothing to be ashamed of. A very little more—a very little more and we would have won the victory."

There was a bitter emphasis in the words. Violet took them to herself. They meant that she had lost him the election. Then he turned and shook hands with his supporters in the room, and, last of all, he approached Violet, who had shrunk back into a corner.

There was a frown upon his face, and his words were icy cold.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand. "Thank you very much for all you have done on my behalf. I wish you better luck next time—with a better candidate."

And with that her hero turned on his heel and left her alone.

III.

It was the parish ball, two years after the great Stix election, and all the familiar types of every ball-room were present. There were the chaperons, making shrewd notes, and eagerly expatiating on their daughters' merits, and pretending to listen to the account of those of their neighbors'. There were the girls whose programmes were full five minutes after they entered the ball-room, and their less favored sisters sitting against the wall, and eyeing with pathetic wistfulness every man who passed by in search of a partner. There were the couples who danced heartily, if not very elegantly, all the evening, and those who found it more interesting to sit out.

There was the usual knot of imbecile young men at the door who had been told that it was "the thing" not to dance or spoil their flawless personal appearance by getting hot. And there was the select set of those who had mutually decided that they were "good dancers," and who only condescended to display their talents on

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those rare occasions when they could procure their equal in a partner of the opposite sex. There was the good-natured Miss Martin, the belle whom everybody loved, because she would dance with any one and spoke ill of none; and Miss Smythe, quite crestfallen because Miss Phillips had "cut her out" with the idiotic young Fitz Noodle, while Miss Phillips' spiteful little mind was enjoying her chagrin. There was dear unselfish Tommy Sprigg, who made a point of dancing with all the most awkward girls, and snobby little Adolphus Wilde, whose one effort in conversation was to display his superior social wisdom by drawing criticisms on the dresses and supper.

Of all the beauties present, it was generally admitted that Violet Hervey was the most beautiful. All hearts were won by the handsome face, with its glance of bright intelligence and winning smile, by the tall, graceful figure, by her unselfishness and frank and unaffected manner. Even Adolphus Wilde admitted that "she was a fine girl, by Jove! with a very pretty ankle, and her dress fitted beautifully;" and little Bob Ackers, aged nineteen, watching from the doorway, laid aside his confirmed misogyny and seriously meditated a proposal.

Yet bright and animated as she seemed to casual observers, those who had known her better and longer could notice that she had changed from the days when she had been a prominent figure in the Stix election. Her face was paler and thinner, and when there was no call upon her attention, had a worn, serious, almost sad expression.

She seemed to find it less easy to smile than formerly, and even her partners were startled occasionally by a fit of abstraction in the midst of their most interesting and clever discourse.

She was seated now by Tommy Sprigg, who had indulged himself for once by dancing with a partner after his own heart. He was explaining his views on agricultural distress, and the girl, quietly interested, was toying with the closed fan upon her lap.

"Hullo!" he said suddenly, "there's Braye. I haven't seen him since the election. How glum he still looks!"

Violet started slightly and glanced up. Braye had seen her, but he avoided her eye.

"They say," went on Tommy Sprigg, "that he was awfully sick after the election. His party was frightfully keen on his winning, and some story got about the clubs that he had chucked it away by declining to take his agent's advice."

"Indeed!" said Violet. "Perhaps he was right."

"Doubt it," answered Tommy, judicially. "Pilsen's an old hand. They say he is the crack agent of our side."

Meanwhile Braye was in a chaotic state of mind, carefully avoiding Violet's eye, and yet continually—almost involuntarily—edging his way nearer to that part of the room in which she was sitting. Often though he had realized the probability of meeting her again, he had never decided how to act on such an occasion.

As soon as the first bitterness of disappointment had died away after the election, two feelings had remained uppermost in his mind. He had become conscious of the real love he bore her—of her immense superiority to most of the smart ladies he met in his everyday life, with their unwomanliness, their endless stupid pleasure-seeking, their vulgar worship of wealth and position, their shallow minds, their worldliness and total absence of ideals. Going back to them, after the time he had spent in Violet's company, seemed like passing from a pure, sweet atmosphere that braced and freshened him into one that was artificially heated, unwholesome, positively nasty. And with this consciousness had come a feeling of shame. He could realize what an effort it must have cost so refined and sensitive a girl as Violet to do what she had done to save his reputation from the shadow of dishonor. And why had she done it? And what had been his return?

Tommy Sprigg continued his remarks on agriculture, flattering himself that he was being followed with close attention.

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But the girl's mind was far away, and, though she gave no outward sign, she was conscious of every inch of Braye's progress across the room, and was nerving herself for the inevitable meeting.

Presently he was close to her, stopping for a moment to speak to Miss Martin. Then she saw him turn and resolutely approach her.

"How do you do?" he said, holding out his hand. "Have you just one dance to spare for me?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I shall be very pleased."

"The next?"

"The next but one."

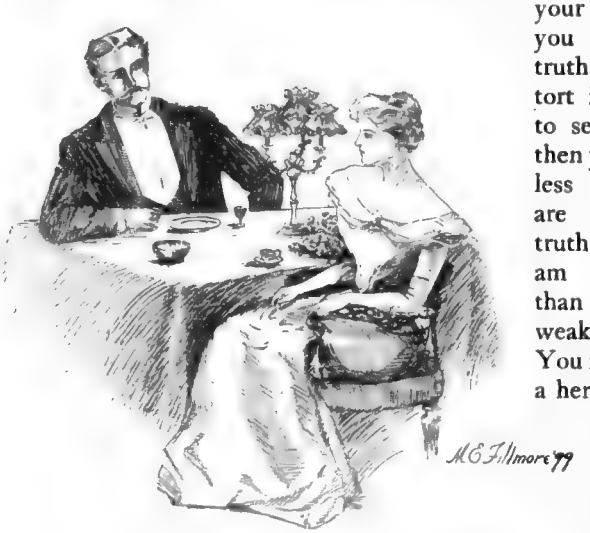
"Supper?" He looked wistfully at her as he asked the question.

"Yes."

And he bowed and turned away.

During that next dance he stood aside and watched her, and by the time it was over, his mind was made up.

"Miss Hervey," he said, when they were comfortably seated *tête-à-tête* at a little supper table, "I owe you an apology and I want to confess quite frankly."



"I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY AND I WANT TO CONFESS QUITE FRANKLY."

Violet's color deepened. She pressed her lips together and said nothing. He did owe her an apology, and she was not going to be a humbug and deny it.

"You lost me that election, you know," he said with a smile, "and I was angry—at the time. And now I want to thank you for what you did. Will you forgive me and accept my thanks?"

"It must have been horrid, losing the election like that," she answered; "but, I knew somehow that you would come to take my view, and that I would be justified in your eyes." And then she added, in a lower tone: "It wasn't like you to do such a thing as that."

"Ah!" he answered, "you don't know how demoralizing the game of politics is. You set out with a high standard, but all round you are men with a lower one. Your opponents employ dirty tricks against you. Your supporters see no reason why they should not fight them with their own weapons. The world looks on cynically and thinks you a fool for your scruples. Little by little, in the heat of the conflict you slip unconsciously from your ideals. First you suppress the truth, then you distort it just a little to serve your turn, then you grow careless whether you are speaking the truth or not. I am not stronger than other men—weaker than many. You must not make a hero of me.

"We politicians want some one always at our side," he went on, "some one with a woman's clear instinct as to right and wrong—some one jealous for our honor—as you once seemed to be of mine," he added in an undertone.

She looked away from him with her lips quivering.

"Are you still jealous for it?" he asked, laying his hand gently on hers, "or am I hopelessly degraded in your eyes?"

She bent her head, striving to conceal her feelings, and a hot tear fell upon his hand.

"I have longed," she began, "ever since——"

"Will you come to me," asked her hero, "and be the guardian of my honor always?"

And her silence gave consent.

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A TEMPLE WHERE PRAYERS NEVER CEASE.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

At Lisbon Falls, Maine, the Rev. Frank W. Sandford has established a remarkable religious community known as the Holy Ghost and Us Society. The results achieved by the body are marvellous. Starting out without a penny, dependent entirely on voluntary contributions, the society now owns the monster edifice of which we reproduce a photograph. It consists of four buildings forming a rectangle in which 20,000 people can be seated. The main structure is known as the Temple of Truth, and in the tower is a small chamber from which prayers have been offered up unceasingly for twenty-two months. Under the gilded dome prayers are said night and day by different members of the Bible school and the residents of Shiloh. During the night a watchman wakens in turn those whose duty it is to pray. This is believed to be the only sacred edifice in this country where prayers are said continuously. Many marvellous faith-cures have been reported among the members of the community.

SEVEN MILES OF FREIGHT CARS.

Wyoming has produced another long growth. From a point near Laramie stretches a line of discarded freight cars seven miles in length. These cars are old-fashioned and crippled, of small capacity, and without modern air brakes. To equip them for service would cost more than to buy new cars, and so they have been shunted off on a side line, and now await the attack of the State convicts confined a mile away. The State has the contract for the demolishing of seven miles of cars each thirty feet long. The wood will warm the convicts next winter, and the scrap iron will be returned to the railroad company's shops, from whence it will issue in years to come in the form of new railroad material.

BIRD'S NESTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A variety of the Western hawk, or buzzard, is known as the "ferruginous rough leg." This rusty bird is distinguished by heavy tufts about his tarsi, or ankles. He

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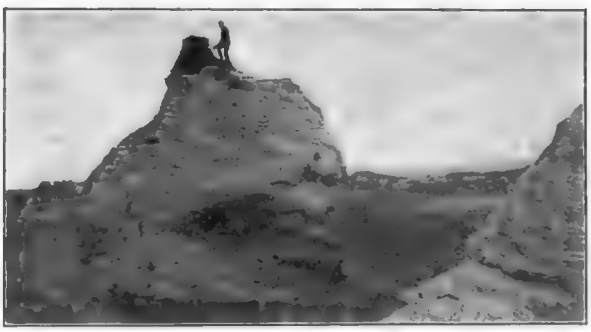
builds his nest in strange and inaccessible places, protected from man, but exposed to all the elements. One of the buttes in the Sand Creek region is surmounted by the oddly constructed nest of a "rough leg." This butte derives its present form from the sculpturing powers of wind erosion, the winds of that region carrying with them whirling blasts of sand, which wear the sandstone prominences into fantastic shapes. The collector has surmounted the butte by means of a rod and holes cut into the side by the winds, the "rough-leg" being in the meantime far afield in search of food.

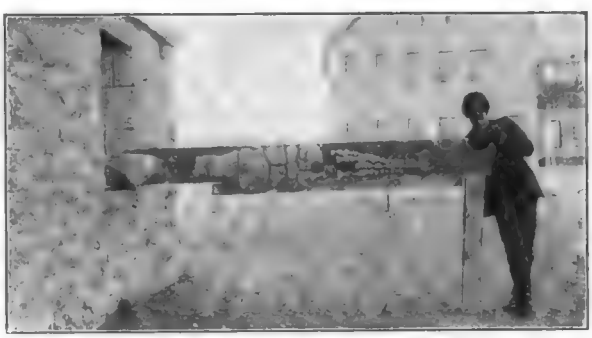
SEVEN MILES OF FREIGHT CARS.



THE NEST OF THE WESTERN HAWK.

BUILDING UP AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER.

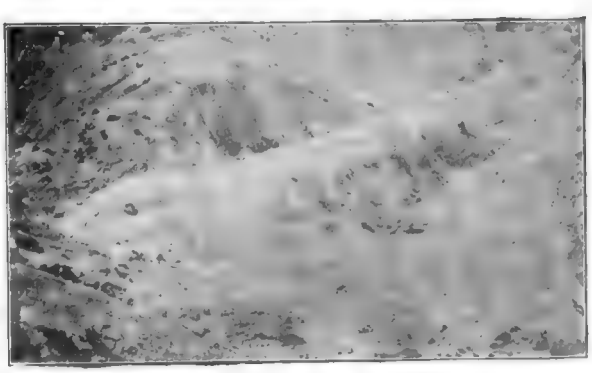
Megalosaurus rex is closely related to the dinosaur, but is more manifestly a swimming saurian. The qualifying term "rex" is applied to the splendid specimen owned by the University of Wyoming. Professor Knight, of the department of geology, is the discoverer of the genus. It was this creature's habit to exhaust the air from its body and sink to the bottom of its habitat. There it would remain for hours feeding on fresh-water vegetation. Its propelling power was supplied by huge paddles nearly eight feet in length. These flippers were made flexible by the great number of bones, which were constructed on the ball-and-socket principle. Our photograph shows how these flippers were built up, piece by piece, after the manner of a Chinese puzzle.



BUILDING UP AN ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER.

A MUD GLACIER.

A weird phenomenon inaccessible to the observer from car



THE ONLY MUD GLACIER IN THE WORLD.

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THE FOREST OF THE THIRTEEN STATES.

windows is the mud glacier of Beaver Oil Basin, Wyoming. This surprising formation bears no vegetation on its surface, and obeys in every respect the laws that govern Alaskan glaciers. It moves a few inches in a century and holds itself intact, following the line of least resistance and seeking the lowest level at a snail's pace. The surface is of clayish color, and is encrusted to a depth of several inches. In nature its material resembles that cast forth by the mud geysers of the Yellowstone, hardened by centuries of exposure to sun and air.

THE THIRTEEN HAMILTON TREES.

Possibly by the time this is printed the famous Hamilton Elm Grove will be a thing of the past, so dilapidated has it been allowed to become. As the reader will remember, the Hamilton trees were thirteen elms planted on Washington Heights, New York City, by Alexander Hamilton to symbolize the thirteen original States of the Union. For many years these trees have proudly raised their heads a hundred feet or more above the ground, but now a careless city government has permitted the fence surrounding the trees to be broken down in many places, bark and limbs to have been mutilated by thoughtless boys, and instead of careful culture of the ground about the trees, their enclosure has been allowed to be choked up by all sorts of rubbish—tin cans, broken bottles, and so on. To-day half of the trees are broken off a few feet from the ground, those that are higher have their bark stripped from the trunk, and the whole lot are about to be cut down to make room for a tenement-house, and no one comes forward with any objection.

THE FACE OF A HYPNOTIZED MAN—ONE SIDE EXPRESSING MISERY, THE OTHER HAPPINESS.

DOUBLY HYPNOTIZED.

Our photograph is of a man who has been doubly hypnotized by Dr. Carleton Simon, the noted hypnotist of New York City. One side of the hypnotized man's head is in the attitude of sorrow, and the other is in the attitude of great joy. To fully appreciate the condition of the subject, a sheet of white paper should be held first across the right half of the picture and then across the left half. The hypnotic subject is first hypnotized in the customary manner, after which Dr. Simon commands him to be pleased through one ear, and then gives the subject through the other ear a command to be sorrowful.

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"THE TURNING-POINT IN MY CAREER."

COLLATED BY W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

ALL artists struggle more or less hopelessly for a long time in obscure surroundings, moulding their art-ideals into practical results. The public frequently assumes an artist's success long before that artist has attained his own measure of ambition.

The measure of success on the stage has many interpretations. A large salary does not always seem to the sincere and earnest worker the full measure of his ability. There are compensations to the soul of an artist that money does not represent.

I suppose a hope realized, however humble and modest in its comparative value, is a turning-point to most of us. But it is interesting to look over the opinions of a few actors and actresses who have shed the light of their experience upon this matter. Some of them readily and truthfully state exactly when this transition from obscurity to fame was assured to them; others, while they have gained financial rewards, still feel that they have failed to accomplish their highest ambitions.

It is a long, straight road, stretching out to a dim horizon, without practical sign-posts to indicate any turning-point, and only those can survive who have faith in themselves to endure, to hope, to believe in the best that is in them; and, above all, to work, work, work, night and day, toward some definite form of ambition.

Miss Annie Russell is a splendid example of the way in which a sensitive and frail woman can develop the courage and talent for hard work on the stage. She began her career in the theatre when she was eight years old, and developed into what is technically called an ingenue. As the ingenue is never the heroine of the stage, her prospects of becoming a "star" seemed very improbable.

ANNIE RUSSELL IN "SCENARIO."

She was sweet and charming, and pleasantly demure; but no one ever seemed to realize that within her tender personality there could be any smouldering fire of deep passion. Her voice was soft and low, her eyes were quiet and gentle, her figure was slight and frail; her entire personality was subjective in manner. "Charming little woman, always painstaking, intelligent and refined," said the managers; but they never dreamed of her as a "star."

Stars are supposed to be men and women who can sound the deep emotional tones that belong to the storm and passion of great natures.

Annie Russell matured her emotions in torture of spirit, and shrank from vulgarizing them by outward expression. For a time she was very ill, her life was in the balance, and she dropped out of the theatrical world. When she finally recovered, she appeared again on the stage with an assurance born of long suffering. A glimpse of the

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deep valley lends a divine light to such natures, and gives form to their genius.

She tells her own conclusions as to the turning-point in her career, as follows:

"I suppose the turning-point in my career was due to my own determined effort to force my abilities upon the notice of managers. They refused to believe that I had any depth or power in me. I could play sweet, inoffensive, pathetic parts, the sort of women who go through the world adoring other people or exciting the sympathetic pity of other people. I was always cast for those angelic beings who crop up in plays and novels with moral halos about their heads. By nature I had a very human outlook, and although I was not cynical, I was certainly not so simple and confiding a creature as the managers persisted in making me represent on the stage. Well, I saw no hope of ever being recognized in any other capacity unless I did something to prove that I had temperamental force. So I arranged a matinee performance at the Empire Theatre of a play by Mrs. Mumford, called 'The Scenario.' The leading part in this piece was an adventuress, and, of course, I chose that part. My friends shook their heads dolefully when I announced my intention to appear in such a character. 'Annie Russell as an adventuress?' they cried, and I was discouraged on all sides. The piece was very strong, and I went straight ahead with my preparations. I was frightened out of my life almost when the time came for me to appear, and I thought it quite possible that I should fail. Well, that afternoon was the turning-point in my career, for on that very day I received a cable from Mr. Frohman offering me an engagement in London to play a little one-act play, 'Dangerfield '95,' which I accepted. From that time on I became a star. If I hadn't forced people to realize that I had something more than ingenue ability I might still be waiting for the turning-point. It is one thing to have an ambition; it is another thing to prove it.

Annie Russell"

W. S. HART IN "BEN-HUR."

Public success, however, is not always the proof of an accomplished ambition. An actor may stretch his ambitions far beyond any known character within his reach for interpretation on the stage or his ambition may be greater than his capacity.

I do not think that there is as much modesty in an actor's estimate of himself as there is among students in other arts, but there is a reason for this in the fact that acting is, in a great measure, the gift of self-confidence abnormally developed.

Mr. W. S. Hart is a young actor with intrinsic values that are quite apart from his ambition. He works very hard, he studies constantly, he enjoys the labor of his profession heartily. He has individuality, grace, and magnetism to aid him. His performance of Messala in "Ben-Hur" is one of the intellectual impressions of that extraordinary spectacle. Mr. Hart writes me:

"The first lines I ever spoke in portraying a character were those of 'Friar Laurence,' eleven years ago: 'The gray-eyed moon smiles upon the frowning night!' Every part I have played since then I consider has been a turning-point in my career. Not that I advanced with every rôle—far from it. Failures in stage life, unfortunately, are ever struggling for supremacy over success; whichever may be the victor the actor must stand by the verdict. It's a star or a blur.

"Business is a factor in fine art as well as in useful art. A bricklayer is a useful artist. He may erect a building, his construction may be wrong,—his material bad,—it will crumble and fall. The owner, the manager, suffers. A new play is produced, involving the cost of many thousands of dollars. The actor—the *fine* artist, *his* conception may be wrong,—*his* material may be bad,—*he* fails. The owner, the manager, suffers. Business is necessary to art—failure in business means retrogression. Business will not nor cannot recognize failure in an actor;—therefore failure as well as success

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is a turning-point—a serious turning-point in his career.

"Macbeth, Romeo, Iago, Mercutio, Orlando, Benedict, Angelo, Marc Antony, Ingomar, Pygmalion, Melnotte, Armand Duval, Napoleon, are some of the great rôles I have been cast for, in the support of such artists as Madame Modjeska, Madame Rhéa, Julia Arthur, Margaret Mather, and Marie Prescott.

"Matthias in 'The Bells,' Gaston D'Orville in 'The Man in the Iron Mask,' have fallen to my lot as a star. Yet were I to-morrow cast for a part of eight lines in an important production, it would be a *turning-point* in my career."

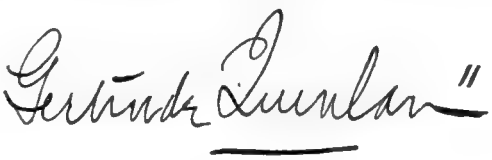
Mr. Hart's experience clearly indicates the reverence with which he regards the fine art of acting.

Occasionally we hear of some remarkable genius rising suddenly from what seemed hopeless obscurity to a prospect of distinction. But the rise is usually very gradual and very discouraging. As an example of what can be done, however, by a girl who is constantly alive to the practical requirements of success, Miss Gertrude Quinlan's experience with the Castle Square Opera Company may serve to show young women who are still in the chorus how to reach promotion on legitimate grounds. Attention, application, and native talents were her capital.

She writes as follows:

"The term 'career' seems an important one to apply to my short experience on the stage. I began five years ago in the chorus of the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston, and my emancipation from the 'merry' was positively the turning-point. It occurred in Philadelphia some three years ago during the production of 'Princess Bonnie,' which was given by the Castle Square Opera Company at the Grand Opera House. At this time I was still a chorus girl, but had been advanced to the position of general understudy, so that I was 'up' in both the parts of Princess Bonnie and Kittie Clover.

"At the opening performance, the young woman who had been engaged to sing Kittie announced in terrified tones, as we stood waiting the cue, that she could not remember a word of the dialogue assigned to her. I thought it was only a slight attack of stage fright and assured her that she would quickly recover herself. However, she failed to do so, and I came to her rescue. The musical director began the prelude for her first song, but it awaked no response. He repeated it. She was still silent, so I stepped to the footlights—I was attired as a boy, by the way—and transformed Kittie's solo into a love duo. As my reward, I was entrusted with the part for the remaining performances, and to my great joy was enrolled on the list of the principals.



While Miss Quinlan's career has hardly reached the importance which she hopes it will attain, her experience has revealed at least the first turning-point in her professional life.

As has been suggested in this article already, there are many turning-points in the career of a single artist. Madame Selma Kronold has had many turning-points during her busy career as a prima donna. She began in grand opera; then suddenly she was induced to appear in

GERTRUDE QUINLAN, CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY. "MARIETTA" IN "LA BOHÊME."

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light opera. She never sang in the chorus. She created the part of Santuzza in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" in this country. She is in doubt as to the actual turning-point in her career, but thinks that it came about the time when she gave up singing in light opera and returned to grand opera.

SELMA KRONOLD IN "AÏDA."

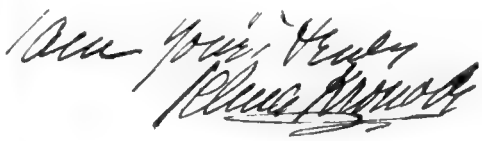
Madame Selma Kronold writes me :

"Life's influences are so subtle, that in reviewing its happenings one is at a loss to recall the particular events which might be styled the turning-point in a career.

"I was educated at the Royal Conservatory in Munich, where Wagner was worshipped as the creator of all true music. Naturally, I became imbued with the ambition to become one of his exponents. My chance came with the formation of a company by Herr Anton Seidl for the purpose of touring Europe, presenting the music dramas of Wagner. The teachings of Herr Seidl and Madame Seidl, who was the prima donna of the organization, were all directed to the furthering of this ambition.

"However, when, acting upon their advice, I came the following year to America, I received an offer from Herr Amberg to appear under his direction in a series of light-opera productions. To my great astonishment, I conceived an intense liking for this style of work, so remote from that in which I had previously been engaged. Undoubtedly, I should have remained in light opera, had not an offer from Herr Kroll, the famous impresario of Berlin, aroused again my desire to sing in grand opera.

"During this engagement I became acquainted with, and in fact learned to enjoy, the compositions of other writers, until to-day I find in the works of the modern Italian school the rôles which to me are most congenial: Santuzza in Mascagni's 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and Maria in 'A Basso Porto,' which, under the title of 'At the Lower Harbor,' was given for the first time in this city by the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre on January 22d. My transition from light to grand opera was in many respects a decisive step."



Edna Wallace Hopper's turning-point was certainly ordered by the fates. She was designed for ingenue work, and when Roland Reed saw her act in San Francisco, where she lived, he engaged her to play the character of a sweet young miss in one of his comedies. She would probably have continued successfully in this line of characters, if she had not married a comic-opera comedian in the personality of De Wolf Hopper. She describes the transition as follows:

"The turning-point in my career was reached when I yielded to persuasion, and undertook to play a comic-opera rôle. I was as well placed at the time as any aspiring young girl could wish. I was the ingenue in Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company. This position, certainly, was one of which any girl might be proud. The management was kind to me, and the critics said I had dramatic talent. Situated as I was then, under the dramatic guidance of the ablest in the profession, it will not be hard to understand that comic opera, even under the most tempting conditions, did not appeal to me very strongly. I had the desire to leave well enough alone. My husband thought otherwise; so did his manager. They kept 'at me' for a long time, trying to make me believe that I had special advantages for comic opera. I felt quite sure that I had neither the vocal power nor the musical training for such work, unless I were satisfied to drift along among the commonplace. No adroit flattery nor forceful argument could make me feel differently. I was satisfied I should only make a fool of myself—or perhaps a better way to put it would be to say, I knew I should make a miserable failure, and if that doesn't come near entitling one to a dunce-cap, when the move is made with eyes wide open and heart benumbed with fear, I don't know what will.

"The subject had been discussed until it was threadbare as a topic of family interest, and I finally

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began to think that I had brought those around me to my way of thinking. As it turned out, this security was a fabric of fancy, which brought only the fleeting comfort of dreamland.

"Della Fox, who had been playing the leading soubrette rôles with Mr. Hopper for three years, without a vacation, became utterly tired out, and insisted upon a rest. She was wonderfully clever and liked by everybody, and most untiring in her efforts to please. To have her leave the cast was a serious matter for the company. When she made this decision, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hopper's manager, had just made the expensive production of 'Panjandrum,' and the leading female rôle, Paquite, had been assigned to Miss Fox. An enormous sum of money had been put into this operatic venture. Mr. Stevens declared there was no one in America who could replace Miss Fox, and I agreed with him heartily. It looked as though the blackest of business troubles were ahead, through this unfortunate accident. Under these circumstances it was that Mr. Hopper prevailed upon me to try my hand at comic opera, if only from a higher sense of duty to him in his difficulty.

"Well, I did it. To this day I wonder where I got the courage, for I doubt if any woman could live and be more painfully nervous at first performances than I am. I cannot explain how I ever got through without disaster. But I did—somehow. Probably the gravity of the occasion to those financially interested gave me strength and wit and confidence. I will never forget the 'dead and alive' feeling I had when it was all over, which, however, left me like the mist before the sun, when the kind and approving words of those around me sunk into my anxious heart.

"And this proved the turning-point in my career.

Edna Wallace Hopper."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER. "CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

Quite an opposite process of development is that of Miss Corona Riccardo, the young emotional Italian actress who is playing the part of Iris in "Ben-Hur." She is still a very young woman, and she describes the turning-point in her career as follows:

"I find it difficult to make a positive answer to the question, 'What do I consider to be the turning-point in my career?' It is so important and complex a thing to know just exactly when the moment has come that assures the attainment of our highest ambitions, especially as ambition increases with every new part in which an artist attains to a little higher distinction. I will limit my answer to my limited career.

"A few years hence what may seem to be the turning-point in my career now might not appear to have been such. I think I displayed some exceptional emotional gifts during my engagement with Mr. Wilson Barrett's company in London, and while with Mr. Robert Mantell as leading lady, when I played Juliet in his repertoire. I do not think I have yet attained to the actual turning-point in my career, but I do believe that my performance with Mr. Wilson Barrett in 'The Sign of the Cross,' in London, and as Juliet with Mr. Mantell, in this country, were marked stepping-stones in my career. Juliet to me is the most fascinating part for which I could ever be cast. At this time the character of Iris in 'Ben-Hur' seems to me to be a stepping-stone to higher artistic achievement.

Corona Riccardo"

Among those who have put aside the allurements of society for the work of the stage, Miss Elsie de Wolfe is one of the most prominent. She made her début at the theatre on West Twenty-third Street where Charles Frohman began his Napoleonic career as a theatrical manager, and where Proctor's now is. The play was Sardou's "Thermidor," and she had to contend with the aggressive criticism usually offered to society women who take to the stage. It is not half so bitter to-day as it

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

ELSIE DE WOLFE.

was then. This début marks an interesting fact for prospective stage aspirants—the fact that acting is a business that requires stage experience, just as soldiering is a business that needs some fighting experience.

Miss de Wolfe says:

"The turning-point in my career? Have I reached it yet? I realize that my début nine years ago in Sardou's 'Thermidor' was a mistake. I tremble when I look back upon that event to-day. How did I ever have the temerity? I don't really believe the play would have been a great success, however, with an accomplished actress in the title rôle. In fact, Sardou himself told me that he wanted a simple ingenue, a girl who had no stage airs and graces. It seems as though I was born for the theatre, that is to say, so far as my inclinations have directed my life. Ever since I was a little girl and Tom Appleton used to stand me up on a table to recite, I have thought of nothing else but the stage. I live for the theatre. I have nothing else to occupy my life, nothing, nothing but the theatre. My friends in society have not deserted me, as they do sometimes, I believe, and if my father were alive to-day I think he would say that I had done well and right to devote my talents to this art. My mother has never had cause to regret my devotion to the theatre either. If I have not reached the pinnacle I set myself to climb, I have at least learned my business. I know my business. I have worked very hard for nine years. I am constantly studying. There are many parts I know backward that I may never get the chance to play, like Frou-Frou, for instance. Just now I have been cast for my first leading part, in the 'Surprises of Love.' If, as I believe, the aim of most actresses is to become leading woman, then the turning-point in my career has come now. It all depends upon the success of the play. We none of us know what the public will do with a play. Mr. Frohman does not know even. I have been unfortunate in the matter of plays. However, I am playing my first 'lead' in a New York theatre, and I feel that I am equipped for leading business, for I know the business of an actress thoroughly; that much at least I have worked for and learned."

Lillie Langtry was the original "professional beauty" of our time. To-day the title is obsolete, because beauty alone is no longer a profession; it is merely an attribute. There have been so many turning-points in her brilliant career, up to the present time, that I found it a difficult matter to induce her to record any one specially important corner she had turned. One might say that her first turning-point was indicated by the admiration shown her by the Prince of Wales; but there were many others. Her recent trip to the United States has brought down an avalanche of uncomplimentary criticism, and although her personality should really have nothing to do with her ability as an actress, the title of her new play, "The Degenerates," and the fact that her name has been kept so much before the public have made her position a delicate one.

"Really, you know, the turning-point in my career," she says, "is so far back that I am at a loss to identify it. Probably my best work on the stage was accomplished when I presented 'Lady Macbeth' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Shakespeare is an exacting master, and the critics seemed to think well of me as an actress. Life is such a complex thing; it has so many turning-points. We women begin the world with such limited prospects, and we surprise ourselves sometimes. I am at present recovering from the wounds that several American pens have dealt me on this my return to America. It is so easy to twist the neck of a good intention with a scratch of the pen. After all, I am not the only woman on the stage who has suf-

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fered this sort of thing. Many artists, much greater than I am as an actress, have had their private lives raked over for the benefit of sensational readers. If I were asked by a stage aspirant to tell when I felt that the turning-point in my career had come, I think I should say, when I could discover that land of Utopia where dramatic critics were to be relied upon by the actors and the public. My turning-point, I am afraid, as I should like to see it, has not arrived."

Mr. William Faversham, now leading-man of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company, was born in England, and began life in India, as an officer in the English army. Probably the first turning-point in his life came when he was invalided home and left the army. On his return to London he found new friends among some actors and actresses, and began his theatrical career in a small stock company, more as an experimental novelty than anything else. Then he got tired of it and came to America. Mr. Faversham says:

LILLIE DE BATHE (LILLIE LANGTRY).

"After ranching out West, spending all my money, I found myself face to face with the problem of living in New York. I finally induced Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske to believe that I would make an actor. I joined her company, and we knocked about, playing wonderful plays with that wonderful genius Mrs. Fiske, not fully appreciated as we ought to have been, but very happy. Those were, perhaps, the happiest days of my early life on the stage. In those days I did not look at things with as serious and practical an eye as I did later. My idea of an actor was the conventional type, with fur on his coat-collar, and his right hand in a buttonless breast-coat. I was drifting, dreaming, immature. One day a set of Emerson's Essays was handed to me, I think by Mrs. Fiske, and I became a new man. Those essays crystallized me. They are a wonderful tonic to any youth who is groping in the obscurity of any art, I am sure. I had an intimate friend, a German actor, who was the most morbid, dyspeptic growler imaginable. I cured him completely with a dose of Emerson.

"I think any poor artistic orphan, who has no one to outline a steady course for him, no man or woman to steer him straight, will come out all right if he can beg, borrow, or steal a set of Emerson's Essays.

"Well, my first engagement came to an end, and I joined the Lyceum Stock Company. I played Henry Miller's part in 'The Wife,' and Leo in 'She.' Then I began to rove again. Roving is a bad habit, but I had a purpose—I wanted more money. My first contract with Mr. Daniel Frohman was signed, to begin one year after date—November 30th. How that November 30th haunted me during that year! I had a bull terrier, my constant companion then, and we two just had the hardest kind of times that year. I remember dog and I were strolling idly in Harlem one day, both of us pretty blue and jolly hungry, when we passed some men who were building.

"'Want to sell the dog, mister?' asked one of them. I never wavered. 'No; why?' said I. Then they began joking me about my English accent, and finally they called to a man near by to come and look at a countryman of his. That was my chance. I asked this Englishman for work—anything. He looked me over, employed me, and kept me going till I joined the Lyceum on that long-looked-for November 30th. Then I was with Augustus Pitou for a short while, and during a despairing mood in Canada, one Sunday, I wired Mr. Charles Frohman if he could give me something to do. He wired me to come to New York at once. I came, and that was the turning-point in my career. Mr. Frohman looked me over, and, although uncertain about my ability, said he'd take a chance, and cast me for 'Prince Emil' in the play called 'Aristocracy.' Yes, that was the turning-point in my career. Many managers and actors have said to Mr. Frohman that I might never 'make good' in leading parts. Even as late as 'Lord and Lady Algy' it was said that I could never play Lord Algy. But Mr. Frohman said to me, only the other day, 'I always believed

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in you, Faversham;' and I trust I may always deserve his belief.

"The turning-point in my career was the day Charles Frohman passed judgment on what I could do."

William Faversham

Minnie Seligman is probably the nearest approach to the dramatic power and presence of Clara Morris at her best that we have had on the American stage since the latter retired. She writes:

"I had been taking lessons with a Mr. Frobisher in New York. My father allowed me to do this, on the express condition that I was to learn only elocution. My teacher discovered that I had natural talents for the stage, and surreptitiously put plays into my hands. At that time I thought that the only paradise known to us on earth was the theatre. I know differently now, but—no matter. One day my teacher made a formal call upon my parents, to request the favor of preparing me for the stage. I hid under the piano during this interview. My father absolutely refused to allow it, and furthermore declined to pay for any more elocution lessons. Then it was that I began to teach my schoolgirl friends, after school hours, and with the money so earned I continued private instruction with Mr. Frobisher.

"My first engagement was with McVicker's Stock Company in Chicago. There came my turning-point. It was a wonderful combination of talent, that company. Georgie Drew Barrymore was leading lady, and poor Ted Henley was with us. Among the others were Wilton Lackaye, Henry Lee, Isabelle Evesson, and William Thompson, now with Maude Adams. I was merely the general understudy for the female rôles. I was called upon suddenly to play Vera in a dramatization of Ouida's 'Moths.' The part included sixty-three pages. I studied in one night, had only three rehearsals, and played the part. It proved to be the biggest 'hit' I ever made, and was the turning-point in my career as an actress."

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "PHROSO."

Minnie Seligman

There is no discrimination of sexes in the "tide in the affairs of men." Its flood leads women on to fortune quite as often as their brothers, and, indeed, it is the women who seem to note its favoring current first. But the experience of all stage-people goes to show that, while opportunity is much, it is not everything.

The sum of it is: a genius for work, the constant attention to the main point, the honesty of purpose that keeps eternally at it, and then, at the right time—a chance to show what is in one. There have been millions of opportunities lost for lack of genius; how few the geniuses lost for lack of opportunity!

For every man, like every dog, has his day. Sometimes he recognizes his chance, sometimes not; but *it comes*. Often it is weary waiting, often it comes too late, but those to whom it does not come at all are indeed frowned on by the Fates.

No one can miss the teaching in these letters. It is,—work hard, hope on, *and be ready*.

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Being Number Three of the Series
"GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES."

——"*and from the vexed waters without, into a lordly Bay, wherein the Fish did leap in Very Gleefulness, wherein the water was placid, and the green Shores thereof as tempting to us (so long in ship) as they were the Fields that surround Paradise. A fair wind, soft and tender, and an air that smelt of grass and good things.*" . . . "*We found deep water and good anchorage off a pleasant point, putting the emigrants in good Comfort. This is a Country which appeared to claim prerogative over the most pleasant places in the world. Heaven and Earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's Commodious and Delightful habitation.*"

These are the impressions that Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads made upon two colonists, three hundred years ago. Those of us who have steamed up through the same waters at fourteen knots, only twenty-four or forty-eight hours out from New York or Boston, can appreciate how the scene and the atmosphere must have appealed to voyagers who had had three months of the stormy Atlantic. Three hundred years have changed the landmarks hereabout, but not the "air that smells of good things," nor the general suggestiveness of rest and plenty-to-eat. One sees ducks flying and knows of oysters. One recalls that the very Indians of this region were "of greater stature" than those further north, "because of the abundance of fish of all kinds and of game." The point off which our voyagers found "good Comfort" is Old Point Comfort still, with hotels that you can see twelve miles away and long for.

An astonishing proportion of the things that have happened here and in this region during three hundred years, has become American history. To the histories, then, for the story of Jamestown and Yorktown, of Richmond and Hampton Roads. But there *is* a spot hereabout with a story less than twelve years long which deserves some telling.

Eight miles or so above the point of Comfort these colonists, on their way to their settlement, passed, unheeding, a raw and ugly promontory that thrusts its clay nose far out into the deep water above Hampton Roads. In all the years since then, but little change had been made in that spot beyond the erection of a straggling house or two, until about twelve years ago. Then the clear, far-seeing eye of Commercial Enterprise was fixed on this clay bank, and now, behold! the city of Newport News and the greatest shipyard in the world!

Much of the up-to-date geographical knowledge of busy people is due to newspaper date-lines. From familiarity with the constantly recurring line, "Newport News, Va.," generally followed by a date and some item of maritime interest, most of us have learned that Newport News is in the State of Virginia, and is a seaport of some importance. But how many of us know that this city, almost unknown twelve years ago, has risen to first place among all American cities in certain lines of shipments? Did *you* know

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BOILERS FOR U. S. STEAMSHIP "KENTUCKY."

that here is one of the greatest railroad terminals in all America? Did *you* know that the plant of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company surpasses in many important features any other shipyard in the world?

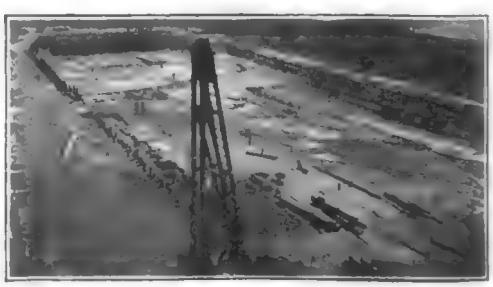
The shipbuilding here began with the dry-dock. It was the original intention of the projector to establish a repair place only, and the locality was well chosen. The bay itself is one of the best-travelled pieces of water on the map; the coastwise waters outside teem with shipping, and from stormy Cape Hatteras to the south, northward to the dangerous sands of Jersey, the finger of maritime misfortune pointed to this midway spot as one eminently well situated for a haven and a dock. Easy of access from the ocean, with deep water to the very bank, central to the most dangerous and best-travelled waters on our coastline, the projector said, "Here shall be a mariner's repair shop," and the dry-dock was built.

The rest followed logically. Of what use to dock a ship unless the tools for her repair be at hand? So the huge machine shop grew. For the same reason, the foundries followed it. The large force of men necessary for urgent work should be, in business policy, kept continuously busy, and should not be dependent on irregular disaster for employment. And so the shipbuilding business was inaugurated and grew, until the amount of work under way and projected, at this writing, exceeds that of any other yard on earth.

The building of a ship is not a matter to treat here, nor in any one article. Nothing that man's hands make has more of the delicate, nothing has more of the gigantic. The accuracy of the architect, the nicety of the watchmaker, the power of the smith, the ingenuity of the engineer—all, and more, are required. In addition, the problem of organization is especially difficult. The channels of waste are infinite, and even the smallest and most secret must be discovered and stopped. In a business which deals with hundreds of thousands of tons of material, it is necessary to account for single rivets. In face of this tremendous subject we abandon any attempt at exhaustive treatment, and do as other visitors do—look about us, ask questions, and take pictures.

There is one large dry-dock at the Newport News yard, and another is building, which will be the largest in the world. It seems a simple thing to build one of these affairs. It appears to be little more than a matter of so much excavating. What is easier than to dig a great hole in the ground, big enough to hold a ship, to dredge a channel to it, and arrange so that it can be filled with water; and then to float the ship in, close the gate, and pump the hole dry? So think the thoughtless, and wonder why so much pother in the navy over the lack of docks.

Take a look at this stupendous excavation at Newport News and get deeper ideas. It is as long as three city blocks—827 feet—long enough to allow *two* big ships to enter it, one behind the other. It is so deep that, standing on its brink, the workmen at the bottom look like dolls.



BEGINNING DRY-DOCK.

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"NEW YORK" IN DRY-DOCK AT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY.

In this great hole some entire streets of New York residences could be hidden away and covered up flush with the ground.

After it is dug it must be made tight—water-tight—and that is a tremendous task. Its bottom and sides must resist a water pressure from without, measured in thousands and thousands of tons, and the weight of a couple of battleships pressing from within. For what this dock costs in money, the yard could build a couple of gunboats, or two or three passenger ships of fair size, or almost another "Kentucky." So much for the "simplicity" of this great hole in the ground.

After learning something of the expensive nature of the work, it does not surprise one to be told that ships must pay well for docking. In the smaller dock, with her great red body exposed to the tapping of a hundred workmen, is the passenger liner "New York." She is undergoing repair, and she is paying rent for her present habitation at the rate of about $1,000 a day.

There are 120 acres in this yard, and it is crowded with buildings and with ships in various stages of completion. The water front is indented with piers, at which float ships that are just off the ways or awaiting a chance for dry-docking. Masts and funnels, and the grim round "tops" of warships, tower over the roofs of the buildings; but higher still are the ponderous shapes of the greatest cranes that have yet been built by man.

One of these is employed in placing a boiler on a ship that is moored alongside the wharf. The boiler weighs, perhaps, 100 tons. The crane handles it easily enough—could almost handle another like

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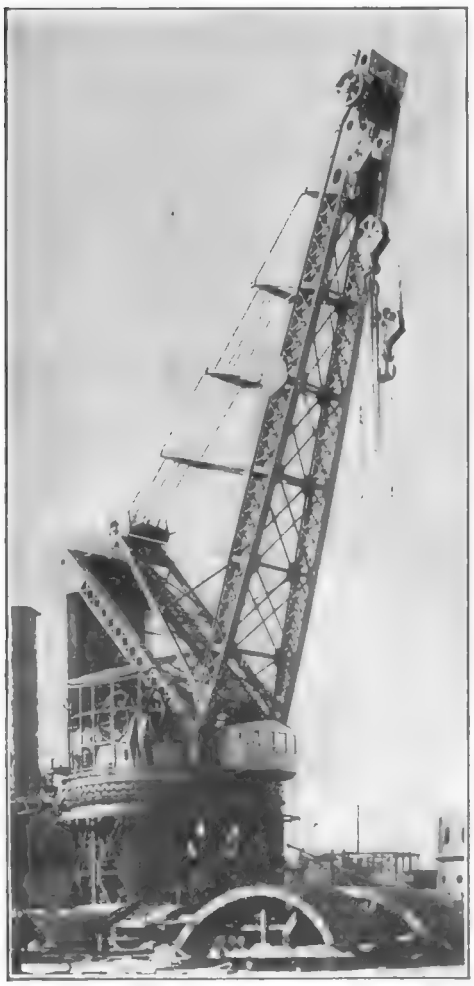
it quite as easily. It will pick up a weight of 150 tons and make no complaint.

In the north end of the yard, at regular intervals, are high erections of iron work, looking like so many long, latticed bridges, very narrow for their height and length, but bridging nothing but dry land. These are built at right angles to the water front. There are four of them. Up and down their length travel immense cantilever cranes, which can be described by nothing save a camera. They cross the narrow bridge as the top of a capital T crosses its stem, and each end hangs over a half-finished ship. So from their narrow supporting bridges they can pick up material—beams, plates, machinery, and what not—and place each article precisely where it is needed, anywhere from stem to stern.



LARGEST CRANE IN THE WORLD.

A half-finished ship affords some excuse to the mariners who characterized the earlier iron steamships as "tanks." Truly, it looks like nothing else. This one on the ways here might be a gigantic iron box swarming with workmen. There is nothing impressive about it except mere bigness, and nothing graceful whatever; yet it will, when completed, be a fast and handsome passenger boat that will plough the Pacific for years to come, if it has ordinary steamship luck.

At the next ways there is nothing but a large, square iron shape, resting on a complicated system of blocks and beams. It is more than 500 feet long, this iron shape, and about six feet on a side. It is made up of hundreds and hundreds of plates bolted together. It looks like nothing whatever that could concern a ship, but it is, in fact, a keel; and the keel of one of the biggest ships ever projected in an American yard.

A gang of jolly-looking colored men are at work on this structure. They are operating a pneumatic riveter, and engaged in bolting plate to plate. The red-hot rivet is pulled from a little furnace, placed in the hole prepared for it, and the riveting machine brought into play. There is a hiss of air, a score of rapid blows, and there you are, and the next rivet is ready. So quick is the performance that the time it took to snapshot the group, must have reduced the day's work by the sum of a half dozen undriven rivets.

Looking at this shapeless but impressive mass of iron, and noting that, as each new plate is added to its growing length, the holes for the rivets come in exactly the right places, and the whole seems to go together like a put-together puzzle—noting this, there begins to slowly dawn upon you an almost bewildering appreciation of the marvellous *system* that must control all. If in one plate (that is but one of a hundred others that form but one part of the ship) there are 150 carefully planned rivet holes, what of the preparation that, through

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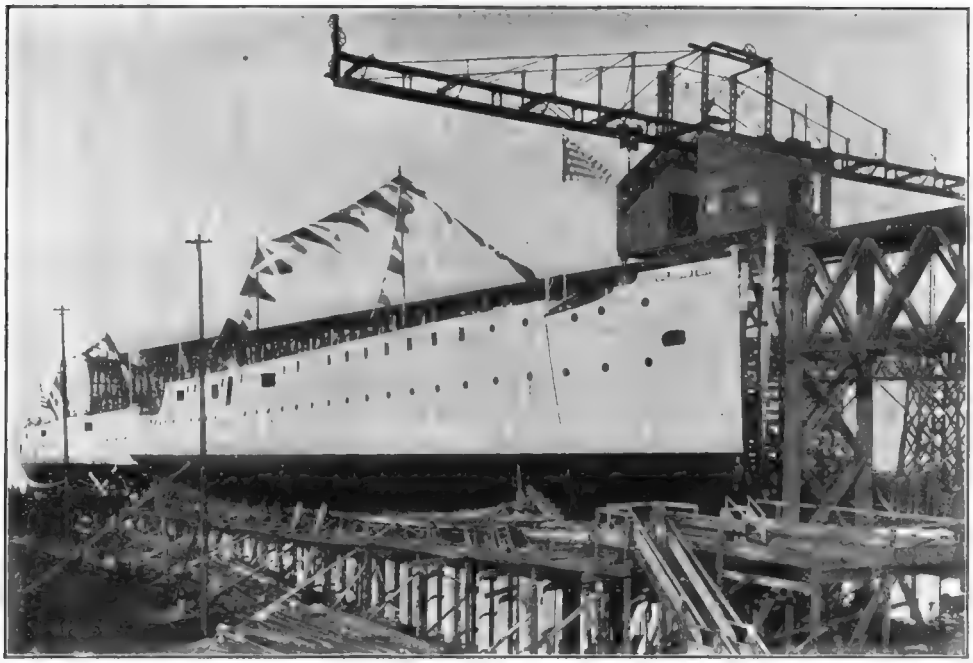

SHOWING LAUNCHING WAYS ON WHICH SHIP IS CONSTRUCTED AND THE TRAVELLING CANTILEVER CRANE.

so bewildering a tangle of detail, can guide perfect completion!

Before us is an unfinished ship that will weigh, when completed, more than 11,000 tons. There are few single pieces of material in her whole vast composition that will weigh more than a couple of tons, and thousands of them weigh but pounds. Fancy *that* for a puzzle to put together! And not only to put together, but to *fasten* together in cunning ways, to resist all manner of conflicting requirements. Surely these half-finished, rusty-looking structures do look like tanks; but, on second thought, they are tanks "fearfully and wonderfully" made, and representing the last development in—how many thousand years of maritime evolution? At one end of progress a raft or a dug-out. At the other, a "Kentucky" or a 20-knot passenger liner.

Even a small ship is a huge thing on land, and this ship is to be a very large one indeed. How it towers above the heads of the men standing beside it! They look ridiculously small. But they made it!

Let us flee from philosophic meditation and return to strenuous interrogation of our patient guide. "How many men are employed here?"

"About 6,000 now. We have men to the full capacity of our present equipment. As soon as certain extensions and additions now under way are completed, we shall take on about 2,000 more."

"How many men does it take to build a warship?"

Obviously this is a man accustomed to fool questions. He betrays no irritation. "As many as can be profitably employed on her without getting in each other's way."

"I didn't mean workmen. I mean *classes* of men. First there's the designer——"

"No; first there is the Act of Congress, which outlines the ship in the rough, states the class, the approximate tonnage, and perhaps the speed. Within the limitations of this outline the designers work, and they and their draughtsmen work out every part of ship, armor, and machinery down to uttermost details. The rolling mills and foundries prepare the separate parts more

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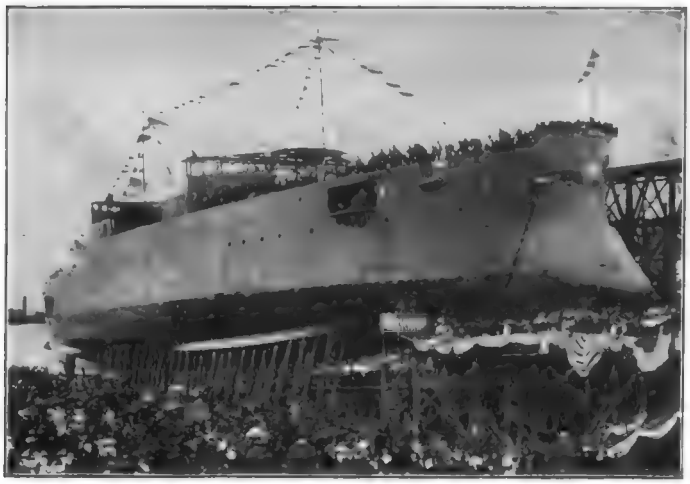

BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS" READY FOR LAUNCH.

or less roughly, our machine shop here finishes them, and our framers and mechanics assemble the parts into the completed whole."

A brief statement of a marvellously complex work. Looking at one of these ships, knowing the immensity of her interior detail, you at once appreciate that the handling of iron and the ring of tools are not the features of shipbuilding that should strike you first. For every piece of iron handled is cut to a shape, and every tool that is swung, swings to a certain well-defined plan. And it is the makers of these plans—it is these quiet, grave-faced draughtsmen, bending all day over their drawing-boards—that are the shipbuilders, after all.

Every plate in this ship, every beam, every rod, each hugest casting, and each tiniest valve-spindle has its separate drawing. Even the location of every one of a million rivet holes has been determined and plotted to a fraction of an inch. Surely a wonderful work. But is it, after all, any less wonderful than the work of those who, from these lines on paper, produce finished shapes of steel and brass, and fit them together? To whom should the credit go—to those who from nothing produce a plan, or to those who, from a plan, produce a ship?

Never mind; we are not here to ask questions of ourselves. We wish to see the machine shop next, and go thither. Notice, on the way, that little group of men detaching one of the enormous propeller blades from the port shaft of the "New York." That one blade weighs more than twice the combined weight of the group, yet it is handled with the easy indifference with which a baggage-man tackles a valise.

It is a trite saying that a ship is put together like a watch. To fit arbor to pinion with the aid of a microscope needs refined skill. But to fit plate to plate, and crank to shaft, requires no less nicety, and the parts weigh tons. In place of the forceps and glass of the watchmaker are the cranes, crows, and differential hoists of the shipbuilder. Wherever you go through this yard you see appliances of force. Everything suggests bigness and heavy things to move about.

The machine shop is a cavernous structure of brick a hundred feet wide, and

SHE'S OFF!

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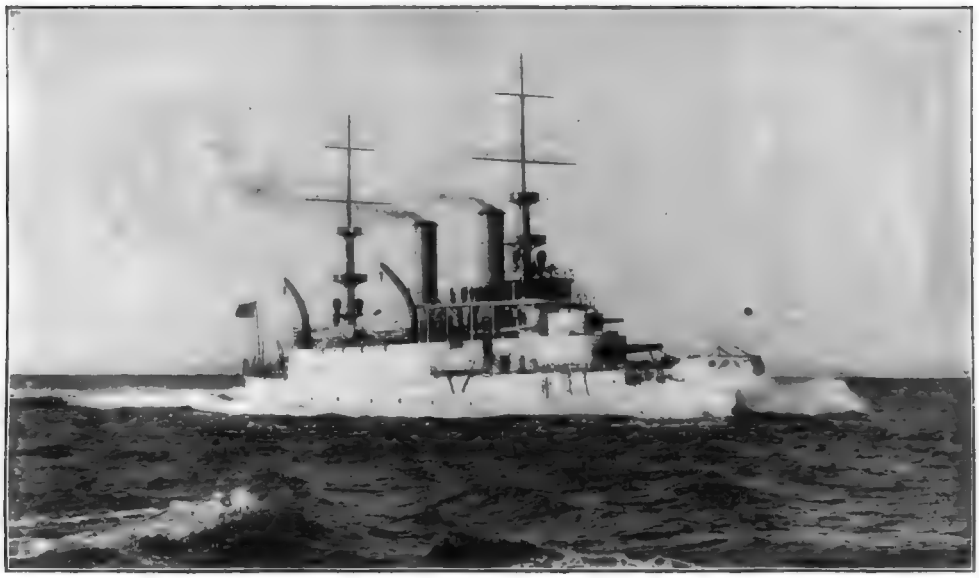

Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

A RECENT PRODUCT OF THE NEWPORT NEWS YARD: BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY" AT TWENTY KNOTS.

close to an eighth of a mile long. Its roof is lost in gloomy shadows; its floor is huddled with machinery. There is a lathe here that will turn a shaft sixty-three feet long. There is a hammer here that will strike a blow like a falling house. And of smaller machines apparent infinity. Spanning the entire width from wall to wall, and travelling on a track laid under the eaves, high up in the shadows, is another of the inevitable cranes. It is worked by electricity, and it can pick up from any part of the floor anything from a monkey wrench to a 50-ton casting, and place it on any other part of the floor or in the clutches of any machine thereon.

Regarding this yard, crowded with workmen and sounding with hammers, observing the water front lined with shipping, noting the city growing around it, and hearing the tales of city lots quadrupling in value over night, it is hard to believe that the whole has grown from a practical wilderness in less than twelve years. But so it has. Newport News is one of the very newest cities outside Oklahoma, and one of the most promising in America.

The shipyard, naturally enough, is the centre of things, but it is not the only industrial feature of the place. There is, for example, one of the largest and best-equipped railroad terminals here in all the world. More coal goes from Newport News, and more than twice as much flour in sacks, than from any other port in America. But that is a subject that deserves an article to itself. The shipyard was first, and, if only twelve years old, has first place, not only here, but in the United States; not only in the United States, but, in points of equipment, payroll, and business done, is first in importance in its line in the world.

Forty-seven thousand dollars go from its treasury to its artisans every week. There are heavier payrolls in America, but not many. And with the completion of the new equipment under way the payroll will be increased one-third.

At this writing there are in process of construction eight large merchant steamships, aggregating more than 58,000 tons. The battleships "Kearsarge," "Kentucky," and "Illinois" are receiving their final touches, the battleship "Missouri" is well under way, and the keel of the monitor "Arkansas" has just been laid. There are 50,000 tons more of true-built ships. And other work is but awaiting the increase of the yard's capacity.

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THE feature of the last Cuban revolt against the tyranny of Spain which aroused the most indignation in this country, and which was more responsible for the intervention of the United States than anything else, save the destruction of the "Maine," was what is familiarly known as "reconcentration." At the outset, the Spaniards endeavored to put down the insurrection by constructing trenches across the island of Cuba at its narrowest part, with the idea of separating the insurgents into distinct divisions, each of which was to be defeated in turn. The plan was a total failure, for not only were the trenches ineffective in preventing the Cubans from passing from one part of the island to another, but the movements of the Spanish forces were so quickly communicated to the various country districts that whenever the troops reached a point where a blow was to be struck, the enemy had invariably dispersed. Aguinaldo did not move his capital more often or more successfully than did the Cuban brigade commanders establish new headquarters.

General Weyler—known as "Butcher Weyler"—then conceived the inhuman plan of driving into a few specified towns all of the men, women, and children of the country districts. The order for the carrying out of this barbarity was speedily issued, whereupon most of the inhabitants of the smaller towns and of the rural districts, to the number of almost 800,000, of whom two-thirds were women and children, were forced to forsake their homes, their farms, their means of livelihood, and concentrate in the crowded towns, where there was little enough

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food and shelter for the urban residents.

The horrors of this "reconcentration" have been told over and over again. The suffering has been described in excruciating detail, but it has never been overdrawn, not even in the sensational newspapers. The truth is, the conditions were so terrible as to defy exaggeration. The "penny-dreadfuls" were outdone; sensational stories lost their flavor, and "scare-heads" failed to attract an hysterical public. Four hundred thousand died, and of those who lived the women and children were in the large majority.

One result of the war and its attendant misery was a great number of orphans, estimated to be 250,000. Many of this number have since died, for the poor little waifs were in such a hopelessly anæmic condition that food and nursing could not save them. But the lowest estimate of orphans in Cuba at the beginning of last summer was 50,000. It was to aid these poor unfortunates, who had no one to look to for assistance of any kind, that a movement was started in the United States in the spring of 1899.

Two men who had been prominent in the Hispano-American War, and who had spent considerable time in and about Havana, returned to this country, when peace was concluded, with a determination to do something for the Cuban orphans, whom they regarded as wards of the nation. They were Major-General Francis V. Greene and Mr. Charles W. Gould.

After serving at Manila, General Greene, commanding the Seventh Army Corps, was ordered to Havana, in November, 1898, by the Secretary of War, to make arrangements for the camps of the troops in the vicinity of the city, and to study the municipal government. Until relieved by General Ludlow, who was appointed Military Governor of Havana after General Greene had declined the honor, the latter surveyed the situation with the acumen of a military man, of an engineer, and of a practical administrator of public affairs. The policing of Havana, that the preservation of order might be assured, first commanded his attention; then the sanitary purification of the city called forth his study, and lastly, the questions of finance and civil administration received his consideration. But withal he did not overlook the charitable needs of the province wherein he was stationed, and his heart went out in pity for the suffering orphans of Cuba.

With the Evacuation Commission at Havana, as the representative of the Attorney-General of the United States, was Mr. Charles W. Gould, a leading member of the New York Bar. His labors were not alone to give legal advice and counsel to the Commission, but he was also delegated by President McKinley to superintend the distribution of the food sent by the Government to the starving Cubans. In furtherance of this relief work, Mr. Gould visited the interior as well as the seaport towns and the rural districts, gaining thereby a thorough knowledge of Cuban conditions, of the customs of the people, and of the sort of charitable work most needed in the island. Thus qualified, he returned to the United States full of enthusiasm for a movement which, as he expressed it, was to "help the Cubans to help themselves," and which was to have as its ultimate object the stimulation of education throughout the island. The success of the movement is due, in a large measure, to his untiring efforts and to his contagious enthusiasm.

The Cuban Orphan Society is the corporate title of the organization which, in the beginning, was known as the Trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund. Its president is Francis V. Greene; its vice-president, Charles W. Gould; its treasurer, Robert Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co.; and its secretary, William B. Buck. The affairs of the society are administered by the following board of trustees: Thomas B. Adams, Robert Bacon, Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe, ex-Secretary Cornelius N. Bliss, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. Mary Hatch Willard, Cleveland H. Dodge, James T. Gardiner, Mrs. Paul Dana, Mrs. William K. Draper, Mrs. Frederick L. Eldridge, Mrs. James T. Gardiner,

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A KINDERGARTEN CLASS AT CIENFUEGOS.

Charles W. Gould, Francis V. Greene, R. H. I. Goddard, Robert C. Ogden, Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn, H. Kirke Porter, William Jay Schieffelin, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, Prof. William M. Sloane, Spencer Trask, William T. Wardwell, Miss Annie B. Jennings, and Evert Jansen Wendell.

In Cuba, the work is under the supervision of Miss Laura D. Gill, a most capable New England woman, who was graduated from Smith College, also receiving her Master's degree from that institution; who studied two years at the University of Leipsic, Germany, one year at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, and one year at the Sorbonne, Paris, and who taught twelve years at the Burnham Preparatory School for Smith College. In the spring of 1898, Miss Gill joined the Red Cross for relief work in the Spanish-American War, and since concluding her labors in that field has been engaged in the work of the Cuban Orphan Society. Through her efforts, and thanks to the generosity of the contributors to the fund of the society—contributors not only of New York, but also of Pittsburg, Providence, Philadelphia, and other cities—very material progress has been made in the alleviation of suffering, and in the establishment of schools and asylums in the island.

The beginning was made at Santa Maria del Rosario, a town thirteen miles from Havana, where the representative of the society found four children attending school, out of a school population of 200 children. Early in July, a modern settlement, after the order of the university and college settlements in our Northern cities, was started at that place, where now there are in attendance eighty children. Of these, the smaller children attend the kin-

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dergarten, while the older ones are instructed in the Spanish branches, and those who wish it, and are sufficiently advanced, are taught English. For the boys, there are also classes in agriculture.

As the result of the Santa Maria settlement, came a second development of the society's work. The Widows' Home of Havana was opened early in the administration of President McKinley, and was arranged to give residence and rations to widows with their children, permitting them the independence of their family life. Mrs. Ludlow, wife of the Military Governor, had found difficulty in providing instruction for the little children. Appreciating, as an American would, the value of kindergarten methods in this work, she arranged with the society to hold a kindergarten training class in the home, two afternoons in the week, the members of which class were to act during the rest of the week as instructors to the little children. This was the beginning of kindergarten training in Cuba, and out of it grew the demand for its extension, which will undoubtedly result, as soon as the school management can complete arrangements, in the establishment of a kindergarten department in the projected Normal School of Havana.

The third centre of influence is at Cienfuegos, a town on the south coast of Cuba, where there are large asylums conducted by public charity under the able administration of Dr. Gabriel Landa. The subsistence had been inadequate for some time prior to Miss Gill's first inspection of the institutions; therefore supplies were hurried to the town, and a systematic reorganization of the classes, in connection with the asylums, was made. Since then a teacher sent by the society has conducted a normal class for teachers two evenings a week, while a kindergartner sent from New York with a complete outfit has been engaged in regular class-room work. A kindergartner has also been sent to Guantanamo, a seaport town on the southeastern coast of Cuba, and already a school is open for the teaching of kindergarten methods in the eastern end of the island.

It is at Remedios, a town five miles from the seaport of Caibarien, which is on the middle of the north coast, where the most important work of the society is being done; for there is located the Children's Home. Concerning the founding and operation of this charity, Miss Gill has written as follows:

"Remedios is one of the towns in Santa Clara Province which suffered most during the war. It looked very desolate when we saw it first, and there were evidences of great poverty on every side. Emaciated children were running about half naked, many of them suffering from pulmonary and skin diseases. The streets are small and narrow, and very dirty. Outside the town and crowded along its edges are the miserable little huts of the reconcentrados, just roughly put together, thatched with the leaves of the royal palm, and dark and squalid within. This is Remedios proper. Beyond lies the beautiful country, rich in vegetation, and with magnificent stretches of land covered with palms and other native trees. The hedges bordering the long wide roads are thick with flowers of many colors; the wild convolvulus, noticeable for its beauty, covering the banks with a wild tangle of rich purple.

"We realized as we drove through the town that there was plenty to be done; and certainly, despite the inevitable hardship, the work was encouraging from the start. In the first place, we met with warm sympathy from the Cubans, who were most grateful to the Americans who had come to Cuba to help the orphan children. The citizens vied with one another in giving us a warm welcome; the best the town afforded was put at our disposal, and when we reached the pretty little house made all ready for us by the warm-hearted people, we saw by the thoughtful way in which everything had been arranged, that we should not lack hearty coöperation in the work we were to do.

"We lived in this house for some time, while necessary repairs were being made to the buildings designed for the asylum.

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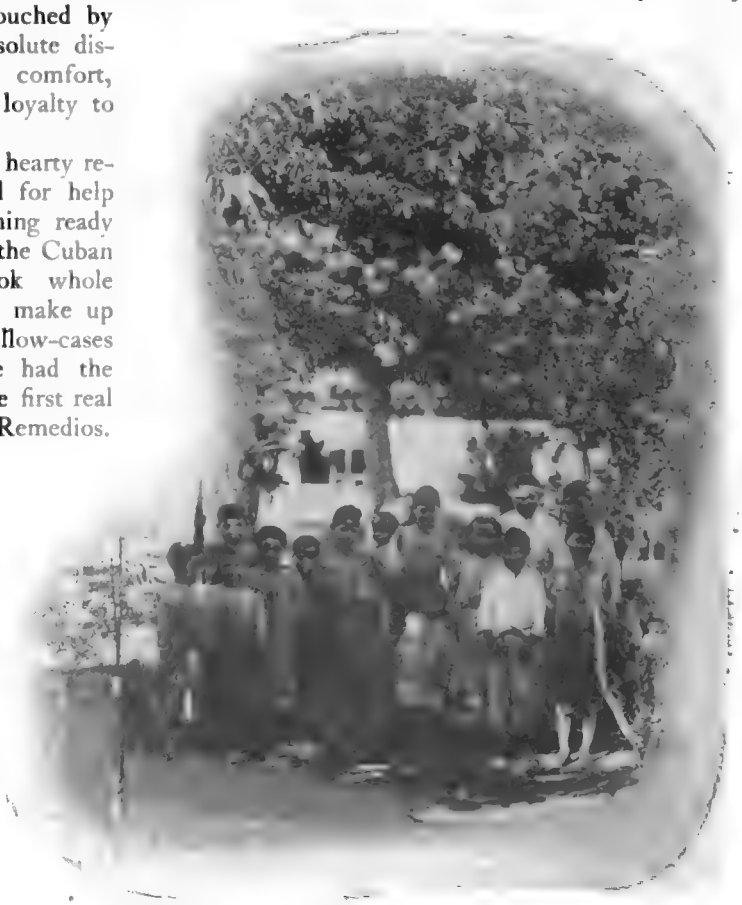
These houses, the most suitable the town could offer, were rented for us by the Ayuntamiento, or town council, which also paid for the many necessary repairs that had to be made to render the buildings even barely habitable. The days spent in waiting were very busy ones for us all. We were all eager to learn the language, and gain a knowledge of the people and of the place, so as to render efficient service, and it is really wonderful, on looking back, to see how much was learned. Here in Cuba one comes face to face with primitive nature; sham cannot live, and human nature shows for its real value. Our waiting time was a time of training in service and forbearance; and when we came out of it, it was with the certain knowledge that the value of our work in Cuba must depend upon hearts which had been truly and wisely touched by Cuba's need, an absolute disregard for personal comfort, and an unflinching loyalty to the work.

"We met with a hearty response to our appeal for help in getting the clothing ready for the asylum, and the Cuban women eagerly took whole pieces of muslin to make up into sheets and pillow-cases and garments. We had the honor of starting the first real 'sewing bee' in Remedios. It was a new idea to the Remedios women, but one to which they took very kindly, and in the necessary visiting which followed we gained valuable knowledge of what the town had undergone during the war. Many of the stories were heart-rending. In one family the mother had not gone outside the door for ten years, because when the Spanish soldiers were quartered in the town it was never safe for a woman to walk in the streets. We afterward learned that this woman was one of many. Others had not left their houses for very sorrow: having been bereft of husband or son by the cruelty of the Spaniards, they showed their inconsolable grief by shutting themselves away from the sight of all but their intimates. That was a common custom in Cuba. It is particularly sad to see how many of the faces of the young women bear the marks of rigid endurance and deep sorrow. In the faces of the old there is the same sadness, but it is more pitiful, because accompanied by a look of patience which one cannot express. Sometimes we saw it in little children, accompanied by a



A GROUP OF LITTLE RECONCENTRADOS.

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shrinking, cowering look that needed no words to express its meaning.

"Then the days came in which we actually moved into the asylum. Those of us who were in them will never forget the early pioneer days—the first arrival of the miserable little waifs, downcast, half-starved, covered with skin diseases, and oh, how dirty! Truly, some of them could never have known a bath in all their lives. Our first act was to take them to the bath-room, strip them, send their rags to be burned, and then give them a thorough bath. Their heads had to be attended to, and usually the child reappeared in society with her head closely covered by a cotton mob-cap, which she wore for several days. We have never cut a girl's hair if it could possibly be saved, for in Cuba it is a deep disgrace to have a cropped head, and we wish to save the children mortification and keep them free from the institutional look. After the heads came bandaging the sores, bathing diseased eyes, and finally new clothes, which, in this climate, consist of one undergarment, a long-sleeved apron, and shoes and stockings. It was a delight to see how proud they were of their things, especially of their handkerchiefs, which filled their hearts with joy.

"It was also extremely interesting to see the children when they first entered the big dining-room, and their surprise at the bountiful supply of wholesome food. At first, most of them were afraid to eat freely; then they became more courageous, and for a day or so they had the most prodigious appetites, as a result of their half-starved condition. The head of the table was an interesting place from which to study the rows of dark heads. All types were to be seen: The child of the country laborer, thick-set and phlegmatic; the delicate, sensitive child, showing in her features traces of fine Spanish descent; the shrinking little child, expectant of blows, and the young girl just approaching womanhood, with hard lines beginning to form on her face, which was to become under our home influence softened and beautiful. All alike were orphans, desolate, starved, and sickly. Poor waifs, they had grown to be passive under suffering, knowing only the experience of cruel war. There sit at our tables little children whose mothers have been shot down before their eyes, whose baby sisters have been starved to death, and whose fathers have been murdered at the wanton pleasure of the Spaniard; children who have fled with their sick mothers into the mountains, and have lived on berries and wild roots, hardly daring to breathe while the awful enemy was in the land.

"What a pleasure it has been to see the starved forms fill out into the contours of childhood, and the little faces grow happy and hopeful. At first the children were listless and indifferent; we even had to show them how to play. Day by day they have grown happy and confident, and now they sing and work and play like other children.

"From the very beginning they have shown a keen desire to work and study. The class-room was a strange sight at first, when girls of fifteen and children of eight sat side by side painfully learning the alphabet. One of the hardest things for them to acquire was the sense of rhythm. It was laughable to hear their first attempts at singing together, but the children mark time now and sing together very pleasantly. They are all exceedingly anxious to learn English, and many of them are learning with surprising rapidity. In the large dormitory there are several girls who actually went over their English words in their sleep, to the alarm of their awakened comrades.

"It is planned to give them a good common-school education, and to fit them in every way to become self-reliant, industrious women. They are being well trained in all the various branches of housework, and those who show aptitude are being prepared for training as sick nurses. We have already been able to send two of the older girls, who showed especial ability, to the Mercedes Hospital in Havana, where they will receive the regular training under an American head nurse, a graduate of Bellevue.

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A CLASS FROM THE REMEDIOS CENTRE.

"Life in the Remedios asylum will always be very simple and primitive. This is the plan: The children must lead plain, wholesome lives, with plenty of study and work, plenty of exercise, plenty of very simple, wholesome food, and in clothing and rooms only the plain essentials. The hope is, to have them trained to become self-reliant, capable women, and in no way, by undue care and lack of discrimination, to unfit them for the plain, hard lives they must live when they leave us. But at the same time, we desire every girl to breathe in the asylum the atmosphere of home, to be gay and light-hearted, and to preserve the spirit of fraternity and of loyalty to the home and to each other.

"We really 'live with our children.' The work requires it, and although the body grows very, very tired, and the work at times in this strange, half-civilized country seems most discouraging, yet with it all there is true satisfaction and compensation in the children. We have often seen their eyes fill with tears when we performed some little act for them, which one of our own children would accept as her due. The young girls, of their own accord, watch over and "mother" the little ones, and when a new child comes, the others make her feel at home, and take care of her until another newcomer arrives. Here courtesy is the general rule, and of this we have been able to teach them little, kindly feeling being their national inheritance.

"It is a pretty sight to see them go off to church Sunday morning. They all wear light-colored print frocks, and their faces shine with anticipation under the white veils which custom demands. Their march through the streets to the plaza, where the little old church stands, is in the nature of a triumphal procession, as all of the people rush out to see them pass, expressing a childish satisfaction in their pretty and healthy looks.

"The week days are very full with lessons and work, but after dinner the children are always ready for a frolic. Some-

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times an immense circle is formed, and, with the teachers as honored guests, they sit and sing, each in turn, or they dance and march to kindergarten songs, or a few will illustrate for us the fantastic country dances. Then they say good-night, and the day is ended.

"Five short months have accomplished a great deal, and still the deepest satisfaction comes, not from the thought of the past, but in the hope of the future. Any experiment, however simple, which has helped to formulate the plans for the larger work upon which the Government of Cuba is now engaged, receives an added value on that account; and even our mistakes may be transferred into blessings by preventing similar mistakes on a greater scale in the large plans which are now coming to be realized."

The Cuban Orphan Society, through the character of its work in the field, has attracted the attention of the military authorities in command in Cuba, who have done much to assist the workers sent to the island. Moreover, Brigadier-General Ludlow addressed a meeting at the New York Chamber of Commerce, held under the auspices of the society, and Major-General Wood performed a similar service.

In recognition of General Wood's speech, the great influence of which was soon apparent, the society placed $2,000 at his disposal, to be expended in the Santiago Province under his direction.

In his address he said:

"Personally I know of nothing which would be taken as an indication of better spirit and greater good-will on our part, than caring for these fatherless and motherless children who have no one to look after them. I think if you do take hold of this work, which I hope you will do, you will never have any occasion to regret it, and, I think, it will be a very creditable thing to our own people and to our own flag."

WASTED KISSES.

If those red lips are not for me,
  Most cruel maid,
Ah, let them not another's be,
  But in the glade
Spend thy sweet kisses on the air,
Or on the blushing roses there.

But, prithee, grant me my behest,
  Dark-eyed Lenore!
And spare this longing, loving breast
  One pang the more.
If flowers may touch those lips, not I,
Oh, kiss them not when I am by!

You waste upon the blossoms, dear,
  What should be mine!
'Tis very wantonness, I fear,
  This whim of thine;
But better they those lips should meet
Than any other wooer's, sweet!

F. B. Doveton.

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POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
To Have and to Hold,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Red Pottage,	Mary Cholmondeley	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Light of Scarthey,	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Janice Meredith,	Paul Leicester Ford	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Autobiography of a Quack,	S. Weir Mitchell	(The Century Co., $1.25).
Debts of Honor,	Maurus Jokai	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
Resurrection,	Leo Tolstoy	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Lying Prophets,	Eden Phillpots	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Captain Dieppe,	Anthony Hope	(Doubleday & McClure Co., 50 cts.).
The Rebel,	H. B. Marriott Watson	(Harper & Bros $1.50).
The Greatest Gift,	A. W. Marchmont	(F. M. Buckles & Co., $1.25).
The Judgment of Helen,	Thomas Cobb	(John Lane, $1.50).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Joan of the Sword Hand,	S. R. Crockett	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Black Wolf's Breed,	Harris Dickson	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
A Man's Woman,	Frank Norris	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
The Love of Parson Lord,	Mary E. Wilkins	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
By the Marshes of Minas,	Charles G. D. Roberts	(Silver, Burdette & Co., $1.25).
A Manifest Destiny,	Julia Magruder	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Strength of Gideon,	Paul Lawrence Dunbar	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
Briton and Boer,	James Bryce	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Transvaal from Within,	J. P. Fitzpatrick	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson (2 vols.),	Edited by Sidney Colvin	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $5.00).
John Ruskin,	M. H. Spielman	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.00).
Letters of Honoré de Balzac to Mme. Hanska,	Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley	(Hardy Pratt & Co., $1.50).
The Domestic Blunders of Women,	"A Mere Man"	(Funk & Wagnalls, $1.00).
Home and Garden,	Gertrude Jekyll	(Longmans, Green, & Co., $3.50).
From Capetown to Ladysmith	George W. Steevens	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).

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